

FORD TIMES

JUNE 1980



**Vacation
Planning
Issue**

The 1980 Silver Anniversary Thunderbird
The Proudest Bird of All



The Silver Anniversary Thunderbird grows naturally out of 25 years of triumphant Thunderbirds.

A silver bird representing the ultimate in Thunderbird's sophisticated automotive design.

Many Thunderbird options are standard. AM-FM stereo, air conditioning, power windows, power brakes, power seats, white sidewalls, power antenna and speed control.

Other options standard on the Silver Anniversary Thunderbird are: owner's nameplate, digital



speedometer, keyless entry system.

Like all 1980 Thunderbirds, it was conceived and produced in a new contemporary size. This size and the new automatic overdrive transmission which is

standard on this car, optional on other Thunderbirds, result in excellent ratings of 17 EPA est. MPG— 29 EPA est. hwy.*

*Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual hwy. mileage will be lower than estimates. Calif. ratings lower.

COME IN AND TEST-DRIVE THE PROUDEST BIRD OF ALL.

Brought to you through the courtesy
of your local Ford dealer, whose
name appears on the back cover.

FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

June 1980, Vol. 73, No. 6

Consumer

Publications Manager

Robert B. Pollock

Managing Editor

Richard L. Routh

Associate Editor

Michael E. Maattala

Food & Fashion Editor

Nancy Kennedy

Design Manager

Jerry L. Anderson

Art Directors

Malcolm T. Young

Gary J. Dykstra

Photography Director

Leonard P. Johnson

Production Manager

Cass M. Pawlowski

Circulation Administrator

T. J. Skelly

Board of Publishers

Walter Hayes

Chairman

P. E. Benton, Jr.

B. E. Bidwell

B. L. Crumpton

W. J. Goodell

R. W. Hefty

L. E. Lataif

G. B. MacKenzie

D. T. McClure

J. McDougall

W. T. Peacock, Jr.

H. A. Poling

R. B. Pollock

M. S. Shanks

W. Sheehan

Published monthly

and © 1980 by

Ford Motor

Company,

P.O. Box 1509-B,

Dearborn, Michigan

48121. All rights

reserved. Printed

in U.S.A.

CONTENTS:

2 Fall River? Yes, Fall River Robert M. Hodesh

7 A Trio of Action-Packed Vacations

Michele and Tom Grimm

12 Planning the Perfect Trip Mary Augusta Rodgers

22 Road Signs in Straight English Paul M. Darworth

24 With Line and Hook in Alaska Erwin A. Bauer

37 A Good Way to See Nevada Doug Robinson

42 Life on the Mississippi Today Nathaniel Burt

48 Photography's World of Miniatures Carol Vitz

58 The Dutch Oven — A Pioneer Goes Traveling

Kay Savage

62 Days of Daisies Constance Scofield

16 Motorsportin' at Ford Jerree F. Martin

30 Good News for Energy Savers John V. Arbuckle

32 Fiesta — A Real Sweetheart of a "Wundercar"

Gerald W. Odom

21 Glove Compartment

54 Favorite Recipes From Famous Restaurants

Cover: If you crave a little more action on your next vacation, Michele and Tom Grimm recommend snorkeling at North America's only living coral reef. The Grimms' story — one of several in this issue suggesting interesting vacations — begins on page 7.



Fall River? Yes, Fall River

by Robert M. Hodesh

TO MOST of America, the phrase "New England town" brings to mind a picture of a white church with a spire, a village green, Colonial houses and fields marked off by rock walls. This is classic New England, so much a part of our national ancestry, so revered, so often visited, so enshrined on our calendars.

But there is an altogether different kind of New England — industrial New England, the mill towns. Very few people with a taste for classic New England have paid much attention to them. They were never very chic. They didn't fit our romantic notion of the town under the elms. They were noisy. They were not considered beautiful.

In very recent years, however, they have attracted attention. What first brought them to view, perhaps, was the mills themselves. Largely abandoned because the industry — mostly textiles — had faded or moved away, they were threatened with the wreck-er's ball. This threat coincided with America's new-found zeal for architectural preservation.

The preservationists saw in New England's mills something worth saving — monuments to America's industrial revolution and unique examples of fine architecture. To its everlasting credit, American common sense prevailed. The preservationists carried the day. Many of the buildings have remained intact, and the chance that they will ever be torn down is remote.

There are many New England cities whose past is rooted in industry rather than in agriculture. One of the most important of them — and most accessible to visitors because I-195 runs smack through the middle of it — is Fall River, in southeastern Massachusetts. The highway is built so that stretches of it are elevated at exactly the places where it affords the best views of the city.

Thus, motorists using I-195, as many do, to reach or leave Cape Cod and the offshore islands, are presented with the scene for which Fall River is important. There, in plain view, are the mill buildings, dozens of them. Rectangular in shape, four or five

stories high, they are made of granite blocks and they sit four-square on the ground with the solidity, the timelessness and the enormous weight one senses in the pyramids of Egypt.

In a minute or two the motorist will have seen all this, and more often than not he will put Fall River behind him, rarely giving it another thought. The city is worth a visit, however, and the people who stop and poke around in it for a while will find themselves well rewarded.

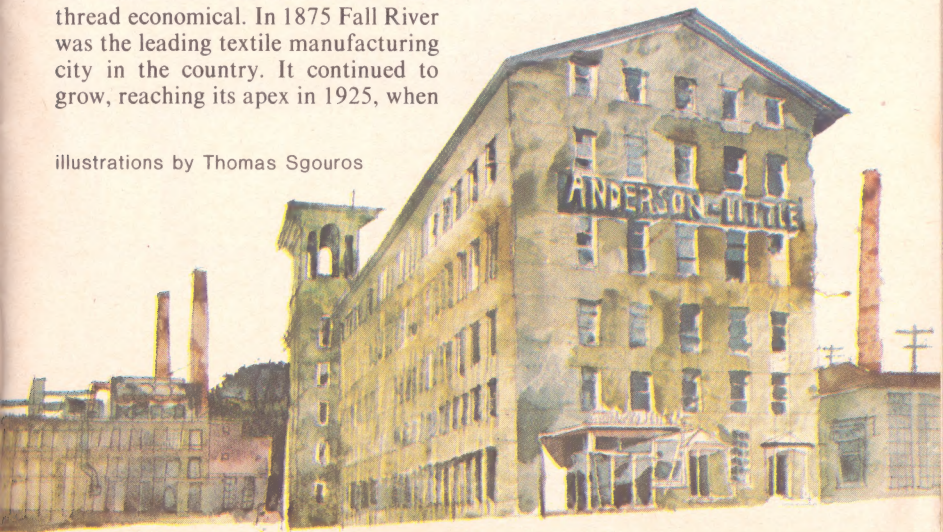
It's best to go to Fall River knowing a little of its history. The city has a nickname that sums it up in two words — Spindle City. Here, in the 19th century, the American need for cotton thread and cloth in huge amounts met in perfect conjunction with a city whose abundant supply of falling water made the manufacture of that thread economical. In 1875 Fall River was the leading textile manufacturing city in the country. It continued to grow, reaching its apex in 1925, when

there were some 120 mills in operation and 3,600,000 spindles turning out a torrent of cotton thread.

The decline of the city as a spinner of thread — caused mainly by the departure of industry to the South and by the Depression — took 40 years. The city's last cotton textile mill closed in 1965. Fall River's career in cotton lasted nearly a century and a half. No one could possibly estimate how many thousands of miles of thread and cloth the city produced.

So a visitor going to Fall River today finds a city with a past that echoes the roar of machinery. In contrast to the colonial New England town whose workers were carpenters, blacksmiths and farmers, Fall River has a legacy of spinners, kettlemen, weavers, finish perchers and braiders.

illustrations by Thomas Sgouros

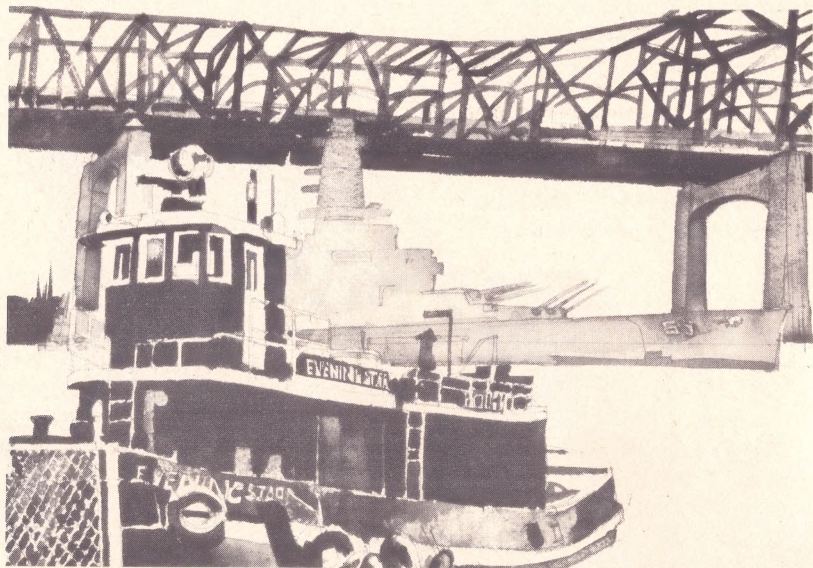


Although these jobs disappeared when the industry went, Fall River remains a workingman's city. Sweat and brawn are what built it, sweat and brawn have returned it to prosperity and the top concern of its leaders is jobs, jobs, jobs. Many shop and office windows display notices of job training programs. The spirited Office of Economic Development and the Chamber of Commerce are tireless in their pursuit of industrial opportunities. Fall River was badly hurt in the Depression. It knows something about pain and is striving to avoid it. That Fall River is alive and well today is a tribute to its citizens' determination.

The city has a population of 100,000, more than half of Portu-

guese descent, and in various numbers a United Nations of people, predominantly from the Mediterranean World but including Irish and Polish. They are ebullient people; one doesn't find much Yankee reticence here. Their conversation is accompanied by uninhibited hand waving and enthusiasm. They are outgoing, friendly and full of life.

At one point in the past Fall River would have been called a melting pot. Today it is nothing of the sort. The ethnic groups are fierce in their pride and they protect their heritage with unflagging zeal. This leads to ethnic festivals and to interesting contrasts. A few years back, when tension between Israel and the Arab world was

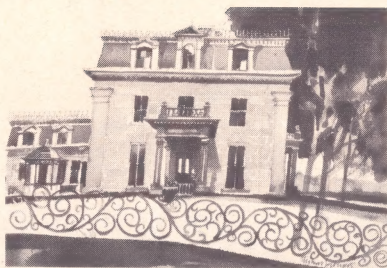


greater that it is today, there was a Fall River event which found the flag of Lebanon and the flag of Israel flying side by side on the city hall — this under the auspices of a Portuguese mayor. The city's Government Center, which sits astride I-95, permanently displays 17 ethnic flags.

There are things to see in Fall River. One is the collection of marvelous Victorian houses on the heights above the city. With their size, their opulence, their gables and turrets and fretwork, they stand as monuments to the wealth produced by thread and cloth.

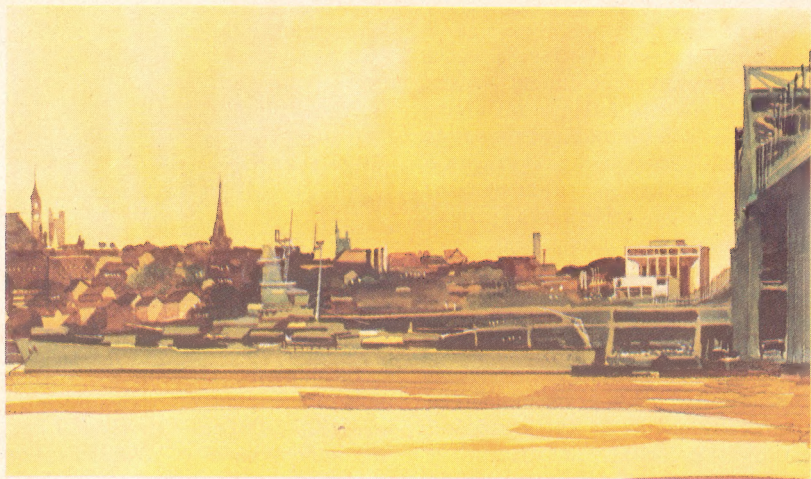
An important tourist attraction is Battleship Cove, a splendid maritime complex at the water's edge in the shadow of the Braga Bridge. Here is the World War II battleship *U.S.S. Massachusetts*, the destroyer *Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr.*, and other reminders of the war at sea. The battleship itself is more than just a tourist attraction. It is available for rent to social groups for private parties and dances and to such organizations as the Boy Scouts, who board the ship for overnight camping on its decks. This makes it the only ex-battleship that is both a discotheque and a campground. Once a year it is the setting of an alumni meeting of men who served aboard during the war, among them Paul Vaitses, now executive vice-president of Battleship Cove, who was then a junior officer.

Nearby, and part of the complex, is a Marine Museum, a treasure house of memorabilia of the sea and Fall



River's relation to it. There are wonderful ship's models by the dozen; pictures of the great white floating palaces of the famous Fall River Line; first-rate examples of scrimshaw, the whalebone carvings made by sailors; the sheet music of maritime songs; and the tools and equipment of ships from the great days of steam.

One paragraph in Fall River's history must be inserted here. The city was the home of Lizzie Borden, and however much Fall Riverites would like to forget it, the country — the world — won't let them. Miss Borden, member of a well-to-do family, was accused of one of the most interesting crimes in American history — the ax murder of her mother and father on a hot day in August 1892. After a celebrated trial, she was acquitted and lived as a recluse until her death, in 1927. The case has been written about in many articles and books and was even turned into a ballet by Agnes DeMille. It continues to stir speculation. No year passes that someone doesn't write to the Fall River public library for information on the case, and on occasion people even show up to do



research, hoping that some significant clue can still be unearthed. The crime was never solved.

Many people know Fall River not for history or architecture but for bargains in clothes. The mills that once spewed forth volumes of thread and cloth are now occupied by manufacturers of finished clothing, and these mills have outlets on their premises. In them one finds sweaters, men's shirts, lingerie, skirts and dresses. Some of this ends up in quality shops all over the country with labels of the more important designer houses, but in Fall River it is for sale at prices far below those eventually attached to it.

The outlets differ from one another in their quality, and the best way a visitor can take advantage of the bargains is to ask townspeople. Motel employes, waitresses and gas station attendants will steer you to the best deals.

The Bristol County Development Council publishes a leaflet listing the outlets and the goods they sell. A serious bargain hunter should have a copy of it.

Write to: *Guide to Factory Outlets*, B. C. D. C., P. O. Box 831, Fall River, Massachusetts 02722. It's an easy matter to exit off I-195, find the outlets and feast on the bargains.

In a way, Victorian houses, Battleship Cove and clothing bargains, attractive though they are, are only incidental to Fall River's importance. Anyone who cares about understanding the full range of American life should pay it a visit. It is one of the major cities in the industrial and technological growth of the United States. In cities like this the American labor movement had its beginnings. A new kind of America was forged here. It is not yet calendar New England but some day it may be. □

A Trio of Action-Packed Vacations

story and photos by Michele and Tom Grimm

IF YOU'VE had it to here with quiet, low-key vacations and crave some adventure, consider these change-of-pace offerings: Ride a mule to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and stay overnight at a ranch. Backpack over a wilderness trail to an Indian village. Or snorkel among multicolored fish at North America's only living coral reef. We've found these and other outings reasonably easy on the pocketbook and far from humdrum. Best of all, they don't require a great deal of experience.





Mule Trips

If the Grand Canyon is awesome when viewed from the rim, imagine the excitement of riding a mule to the bottom of that great natural wonder. Weather permitting, organized overnight mule trips leave daily from the South Rim and zigzag into the mile-deep canyon on a narrow switchback trail.

From mule back, the beauty of the

canyon unfolds like a slow-motion movie. At the bottom is the mighty Colorado River, which helped carve the canyon. After a heart-stopping river crossing on a suspension bridge you dismount and spend the night at Phantom Ranch.

Some riding experience is recommended for the mule trip. And you must weigh less than 200 pounds (fully dressed). Minimum age for children is 12 years. Cost of the two-day, 18-mile adventure on muleback

is \$110 (\$189 for couples), including meals and overnight lodging at Phantom Ranch.

Shorter, less expensive, mule rides into the canyon depart daily from the South Rim to Plateau Point. You spend eight hours in the saddle on a 13-mile scenic journey. Cost is \$32. Make reservations for mule trips well in advance. Write: Reservations Department, Grand Canyon National Park Lodges, Grand Canyon, Arizona 86023, or telephone (602) 638-2401.

Backpacking

One of the best ways to enjoy the outdoors is to backpack. You can go with a friend or entire family or join a group led by a guide. You carry on your back everything you need during the trip, including extra clothing, sleeping bag, food and cooking gear.

A unique adventure is hiking into Arizona's Havasu Canyon, an isolated Shangri-La that's home of the Havasupai Indians. You wind down an eight-mile trail to Supai, an Indian village that's an oasis of green fields, orchards and waterfalls surrounded by barren red rock canyon walls. After a day on the trail, refresh yourself with a dip in the turquoise pools at the base of Havasu Falls.

Take-off point for hiking into the canyon is Hualapai Hilltop, reached from U.S. Highway 66 by a side road near Peach Springs. To enter this Indian reservation land, backpackers must pay \$5. There's a campground

with running water and toilets in the canyon. The overnight fee is \$3 per person. For reservations and more information, contact Havasupai Tourist Enterprise, Supai, Arizona 86435, or telephone (602) 448-2121.

Snorkeling

Some of Mother Nature's most inspiring scenery is under water, and you can see it by snorkeling. Wearing a snorkel, mask and fins, you can enter a submerged world of beauty just by floating face down on the surface of the sea. Even nonswimmers can snorkel by staying afloat with a life-jacket or an inflated inner tube.

One of the most spellbinding spots to snorkel is John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park in the Florida Keys. It's the first underwater state park in the United States and protects a showcase section of North America's only living coral reef. Just below the surface of the Atlantic Ocean's blue-green waters are 40 species of colorful coral and hundreds of species of tropical fish.

You easily can reach the coral formations by boarding one of the glass-bottom boats that depart three times daily from park headquarters at Key Largo.

Cost of the 2½-hour adventure trip, including snorkel gear, is \$13. For more information, write Coral Reef State Park Company, Box 13M, Key Largo, Florida 33037, or telephone (305) 451-1621. □



Planning the Perfect Trip

by Mary Augusta Rodgers

illustrations by Linda Ervine



TRAVEL is a mysterious business in many ways. And one of the deepest mysteries is why so many of us invest so much time and money in trips that we have not thought through at all.

Oh, we may plan an itinerary and make reservations and read travel books and study lists of Things to See and Do. That's preparation, either necessary or helpful. But it has nothing to do with answering the big questions that should come first. Questions

like: What sort of person am I? What do I really enjoy doing? Why do I travel? Are there good reasons to think I'll like this trip?

Going somewhere because "that's where everybody is going this year" is *not* a good reason.

In the old days, not so long ago, when gas was cheap and the American dollar king among foreign currencies, travel was such a bargain that, as people often said, "you can't afford to stay home." So they packed up and took off in great numbers and if the trip didn't work out, they shrugged and hoped for better luck next time. Or blamed something or somebody.

It's not that easy anymore. Soaring gas prices and occasional shortages have made travel more difficult and expensive and this situation will probably continue for a while. That's the bad news. The good news is that, forced to be more sensible and selective about traveling, we may end up enjoying it more.

Let's start by getting rid of some excess baggage. One is the notion that travel — any kind of travel — automatically means a good time for everybody. It's true that some travelers can go anywhere and enjoy it, but they are few in number; people who are unusually energetic and adaptable, and interested in everything.

Other expensive mistakes come from feeling that you *should* like certain things, so you convince yourself that you do.

This never works, as thousands can testify who went on those art-muse-

ums-and-historic-sights tours when they had never willingly done that kind of sight-seeing around home.

In general, a good trip should mean a change, rest, pleasure. Time, says Dr. Cassandra Klyman, a psychiatrist, "to take a vacation from the demands of others and satisfy some of your own."

Sounds great, doesn't it? But the specifics remain to be worked out. The man who's whooping it up in Las Vegas at 3 a.m., the girl who's lying comatose on a sunny beach, and the mountain climber who's inching his way up sheer rock may all be getting the kind of change, rest and pleasure they need.

To get a picture of the vacation trip that's right for you, you can go to a leisure counselor and pay up to \$50 an hour for a consultation. Or you can ask yourself the same kind of questions the counselor would bring up. (And remember, there are no wrong answers.)

Do you like to entertain yourself, or be entertained? Are you a spontaneous, spur-of-the-moment type, or do you feel uneasy without a schedule? Do you like to keep moving, or do you prefer to stay in one place and relax? Do you like familiar scenes or yearn for new and exotic surroundings? Cities or the country? Luxury hotels or roughing it in a wilderness area? Long trips or short ones? What's more important to you, people or places?

Evaluating the good and not-so-good aspects of past trips can bring the picture into clearer focus, too. It



showed me that, while I like to see new places, I like them even better on the second or third visit when I feel more at home. I wish I were more like my adventurous friends, but I'm not. And it's useful to know that I'll probably have a better time in Pentwater, Michigan, than Marrakesh, Morocco.

Other questions: How do you use your leisure time at home? What are your interests, hobbies, favorite sports? If there's something you never seem to have enough time for, in daily life, it might be a good idea to build a trip around it.

Travelers with one-track minds — ardent sailors, fishermen, golfers, etc. — almost never have trouble planning trips because all they need is a promising new location and the right kind of weather.

A sense of purpose can make a trip into a special event. A woman who was working on her family history spent her vacation in small-town libraries, courthouses and cemeteries and "never had a better time!"

The final, most difficult and most intriguing question to ask yourself is: Why do I travel? Experts who study the way people use their leisure time say that there are two major classifications: those who travel because they want to acquire something (new experiences, skills, perceptions) and those who want to escape from pressures and dissatisfactions at work or at home. The first type are likely to be definite in their ideas; they want to go to a tennis camp, or to study the prehistoric cave drawings in Spain or

France. The second are the ones you hear saying, "Oh, I don't care where we go, I just want to get away!"

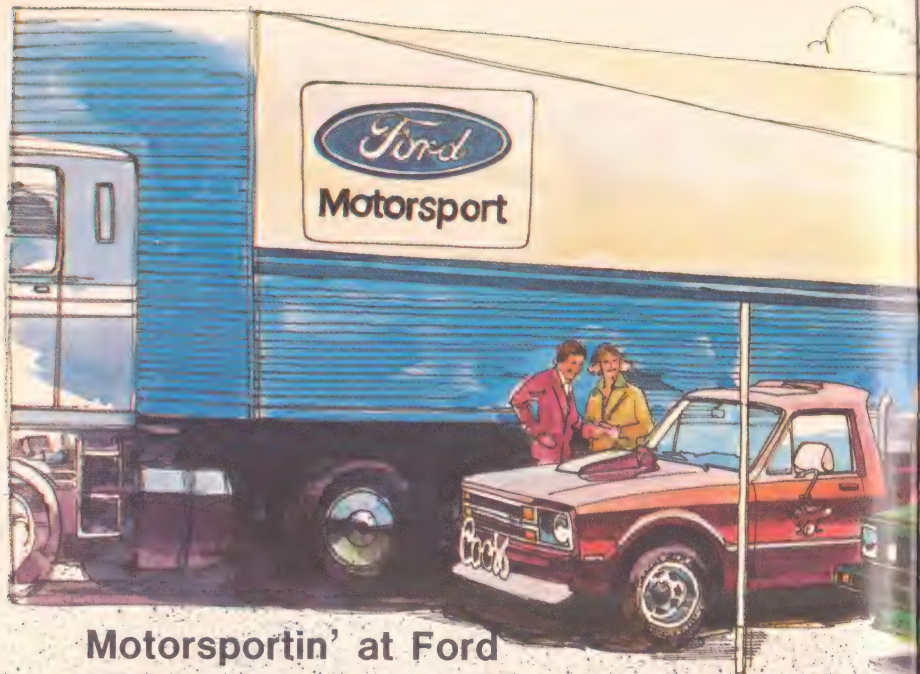
The old "vacation at home" idea is becoming more popular as prices keep rising and it's possible, as many travelers well know, to spend \$75 for one night in a room that's not as comfortable as one's own room at home. The savings involved can be considerable.

This doesn't mean that you stick around the house, listening to the refrigerator hum. Some of the money saved should be spent on sporty new clothes and baby-sitters, and the usual routine altered to promote a holiday atmosphere. Get theatre tickets, go out dancing, spend a night or weekend



at a downtown hotel. Explore your own town and the surrounding area as you would if you'd come as a tourist. The leisure time experts advise planning a daily itinerary, to guard against the temptation to fritter the time away.

One way or another, we'll all keep traveling. Toward the perfect trip we all dream of . . . the vision that tomorrow will be, in the words of John Milton, "fresh woods and pastures new." □



Motorsportin' at Ford

Back on the Circuit



by Jerree F. Martin



illustration by Konrad Kahl

Lyn St. James

MOTORSPORT AFICIONADOS take heart! After a 10-year absence from the motorsport scene, Ford is staging a colorful comeback. And though not on the grand scale of the '60s when Ford and other domestic auto makers supported racing and race teams, Ford is back on the track — literally — with a program of vehicle displays, racing awards and inter-company projects guaranteed to whet the motorsport appetites of both the young and the young at heart.

Focal points of the newly launched program are the Ford Motorsport displays — a cavalcade of customized Ford concept cars and trucks currently being showcased at selected racing events around the country. Highlighting the circuit lineup are the sporty Healey Fiesta, a Cosworth-powered Capri and the ever-popular Coors Courier pickup.

About the new program, Len Pounds, head of the company's Special Promotions Department, says, "Ford's out to enhance its performance image and also to carve out a small-displacement leadership image with all-new trucks, cars such as the Mustang and Capri, and engines such as the 2.3-liter turbo."

But don't think for a moment any interests have been left out. Some displays even boast a special turbo-charged tractor which easily can be modified from a state-of-the-art agricultural machine to an equally worthy tractor-pull unit.

For the inveterate nostalgia buff, performance vehicles from Ford's her-

itage of racing excellence, including the GT 40 and the Shelby Cobra, travel with the display. And if those oldies but goodies don't go back far enough, a snappy carbon of the '48 Ford Anglia street rod dresses up the show bill.

The largest of the displays uses a custom Ford CLT 9000 linehauler to transport up to five vehicles to major motorsport meets around the country. Several specially designed 45-foot trailers pulled by dual-wheel F-350 pickups carry two vehicles each to other events.

At each stopping point, a pavilion tent large enough to house each display is erected off the side of the trailer. Custom-designed and -built in Guildford, Surrey, England, the tents are similar in concept to those used for pit setups by Formula One World Championship teams.

Scheduled to appear at more than 40 events at places such as Daytona, Indianapolis and Watkins Glen, these vehicles are expected to capture the imagination of more than 12 million racing-circuit regulars by the end of the year.

Mickey Matus of Special Promotions says that, "While not for general use by the public, most display vehicles are available to the media for test drives and may take a few laps around the parade track before the main event."

Also under the banner of the Motorsport program, Ford will work in tandem with companies such as McLaren Engines, Inc., — whose cars have made racing history in the Indy

500 and the Formula One World Championships — to develop special concept cars. Among these are a one-of-a-kind McLaren Mustang and the Motorcraft Mustang — both sporting McLaren-built 2.3-liter turbocharged engines and both popular items in the motorsport lineup.

The partnership even has developed an off-shore boat powered by a Ford 2.3 turbo which currently is on display at larger boating events and racing events held at major watersports meccas.

So why an absence of 10 years?

According to Pounds, "Ford got out of the racing business back in 1970, when with the massive demands of Federal regulations on our engineers, the company could not afford

the luxury of participating in racing and performance-oriented events. With the exception of the 1979 Indy pace car program, this is our first motorsport participation since that time.

"And while we are not going wholesale in racing, we are back on the scene to recapture our performance image and establish Ford vehicles as being fun to drive as well as economical."

To help in that effort, Ford has enlisted the aid of Lyn St. James — a key driver in the International Motor Sports Association's American Challenge (Kelly Girl) Series, a showcase for women in racing. As spokeswoman for the Motorsport program, St. James will make personal appearances and carry out special assign-

Coors Courier pickup



ments for the company to bolster Ford's motorsport participation.

And to encourage drivers of Ford vehicles in racing events, Ford is offering up to \$1,000 to winners and strong finishers in off-road, drag and road-racing competition.

Eligible are those competing in Ford products in the National Hot Rod Association's (NHRA) drag-racing championship events, Sports Car Club of America (SCCA) and

IMSA road-racing events and the Baja 500 and 1000 sanctioned by SCORE.

"Ford's Motorsport program is off to an impressive start," Pounds says. "Our displays are generating motorsport excitement from coast to coast. People are anxious to talk about what's in store for the future. We let them know we have their interests in mind and the right products to meet their needs." □

Look for the Ford Motorsport Displays coming soon to these locations:

Date	Event	Location
June 8	NHRA Spring Nationals	Columbus, Ohio
June 15	Hot Rod Magazine Nationals	Columbus, Ohio
June 15	SCCA June Sprints (Bonus National)	Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin
June 22	Car Craft Street Machine Nationals	Indianapolis, Indiana
June 29	NHRA Mile High Nationals	Denver, Colorado
June 29	SCCA Bonus National	Lexington, Ohio
July 3	Shelby Club National Meet	Dearborn, Michigan
July 6	NASCAR, IMSA Speed Week	Daytona Beach, Florida
July 20	NSRA Street Rod Nationals	Memphis, Tennessee
July 20	SCCA Road America (Trans-Am, Can-Am)	Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin
August 24	Mid-Ohio Lumbermen's Sports Car Championships	Lexington, Ohio
August 31	NHRA US Nationals	Indianapolis, Indiana
September 21	IMSA Road Atlanta	Atlanta, Georgia
September 28	Car Craft Street Machine Nationals West	Los Angeles, California
October 5	USGP — Watkins Glen	Watkins Glen, New York
October 19	NHRA World Nationals	Ontario, California
October 26	SCCA Run-offs (National Championships)	Atlanta, Georgia
November 2	Las Vegas Grand Prix	Las Vegas, Nevada
November 30	IMSA Finale	Daytona Beach, Florida

(Schedule subject to change.)

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

Roadfood — A coast-to-coast guide to more than 450 of America's great inexpensive regional restaurants, all within 10 miles of a major highway, has been revised and updated. The softbound book, published by Random House, also includes menus and provides local maps. *Road Food* is considered by some to be the culinary bible for the adventurous and budget-minded traveler. For copies, write to Order Department, Random House, Inc., 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022. Enclose \$7.95 plus 80 cents postage for handling per copy.

Everybody's Money — A travel guide to vacation fun published by Credit Union National Association, Inc., of Madison, Wisconsin, may make the difference between a fun trip and one you wish you hadn't taken. *Everybody's Money*, Special Issue 7, covers topics ranging from "How to get ready . . ." — which describes what you should do to safeguard your home while away — to advice on best ways of travel, where to stay and what you should know about travel agents and package deals. Write to Everybody's Money, Department T, Box 431B, Madison, Wisconsin 57301. Enclose 50 cents per copy.

Florida's HoneyBee Observatory — One of the world's largest exhibits of bees can be safely viewed closeup in eight plexiglass-enclosed hives by travelers on U.S. 41, about 10 miles south of Fort Myers, Florida. Built by a Fort Myers honeybee buff for public enjoyment at no cost, the hives each contain up to 70,000 bees doing what bees do naturally. Lecture tapes in an adjoining museum explain the bees' activities. For information, write to HoneyBee Observatory, Box 690, Route 13, Fort Myers, Florida 33908.

"How to Care for House Plants" — From *Aechmea fasciata* to *Yucca elephantipes*, this no-nonsense guide to selecting and caring for houseplants may be just what the plant doctor ordered. The 80-page, colorfully illustrated, softbound book was written by a proven expert of 25 years in gardening especially for persons with limited knowledge about plants. In plain, easily understood language, the author tells how to shop for plants, establish them at home and keep them healthy and thriving. For a copy, send \$3.95 plus 75 cents for handling and postage to Dave Wood, Country Gardens, P.O. Box 73, Hartland, Michigan 48029. Michigan residents add four per cent sales tax. □

ARE YOUR
TIRES SAFE?

MAINE HIGHWAY SAFETY COMMITTEE

Road Signs in Straight English

by Paul M. Darworth

ELECTRONIC devices have been a part of highway safety programs for many years, and more are being added as they are developed, but who could have foreseen the use of clear, simple English to encourage sensible driving? Along the Maine Turnpike, which stretches 100 miles between York and Augusta, the Maine Highway Safety Committee has erected some 15 signs which present their various messages briefly, directly and interestingly.

When a driver enters at either end of this express toll highway, he sees WELCOME, PLEASE DRIVE SAFELY. From then on, spaced five to 10 miles apart, signs like these appear:

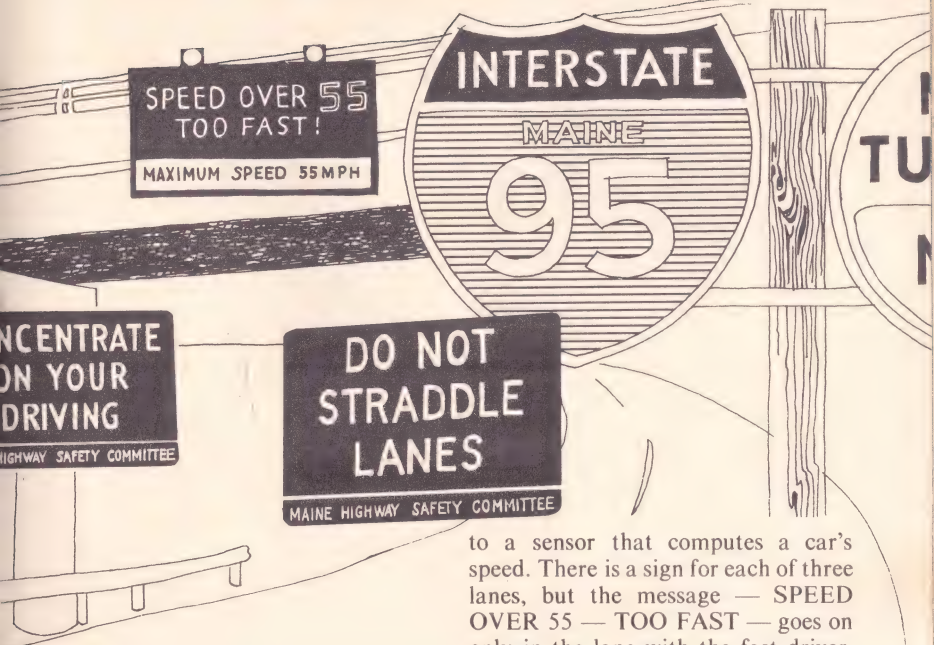
DIM LIGHTS WHEN
MEETING CARS

AVOID
SUDDEN
STOPS

MAINE HIGHWAY SAFETY COMMITTEE

AVOID DRIVING WHEN
TIRED
DIM LIGHTS WHEN
FOLLOWING CARS
IS YOUR SEAT BELT
FASTENED?
ARE YOUR TIRES SAFE?

The signs do not appear so often as to make drivers think the state of Maine does nothing but nag. Actually, they are a welcome sight on an otherwise tedious highway. The Maine Turnpike is fine and useful, but it drones on between walls of trees and, like most superhighways, is fairly boring. The signs make it less so. For persons who respect the English language, they are a pleasure. Low-key, correct, intelligent.



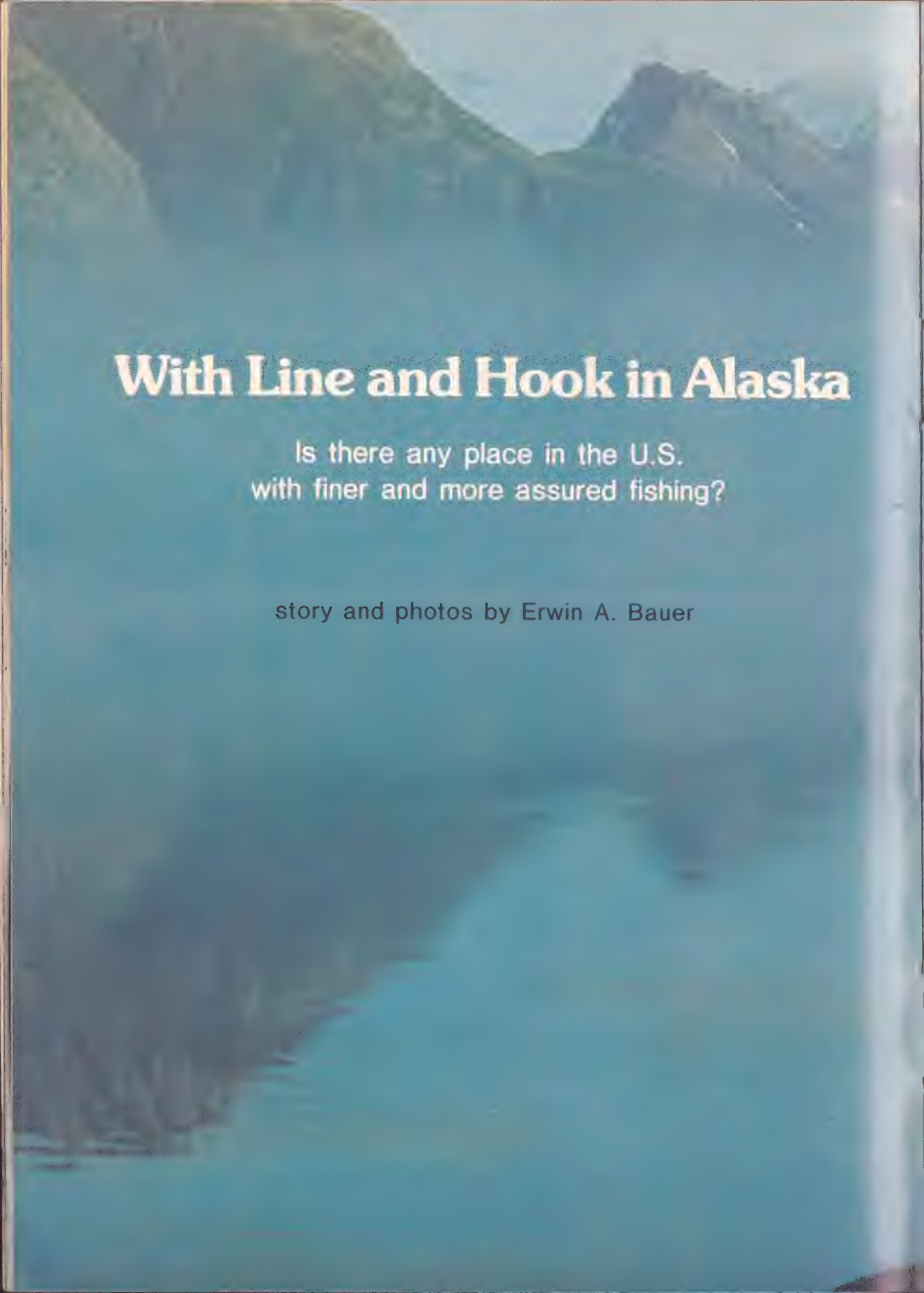
One of the Maine Turnpike signs says, **REDUCE SPEED IN RAIN AND FOG**. It reminds one of the efforts of the Ohio Turnpike to convey the same message. On bridges spanning the highway, this has been painted: **DRIVE SLOWER WHEN WET**. People sensitive to subtleties of the English language consider the sign hilarious. Although the message is clear enough, the sign is really saying that when a driver is wet he should slow down. Maine says it better.

Interesting electronic equipment is being used to aid in traffic control. As a north bound driver approaches the Maine Turnpike, on I-95 at York, he is warned by a flashing neon sign if he is going over the speed limit. The sign is on an overhead bridge and responds

to a sensor that computes a car's speed. There is a sign for each of three lanes, but the message — **SPEED OVER 55 — TOO FAST** — goes on only in the lane with the fast driver. Similar signs have been installed at a number of other points on I-95.

Connecticut also has an overhead light to warn speeders. It is on State Route 9 near the town of Essex. When a driver is going too fast, this message appears in 14-inch white letters on a bridge parapet: **YOU ARE SPEEDING**. Connecticut highway authorities think the sign has reduced violations by 20 per cent.

The Connecticut sign could have been programmed to flash the driver's actual speed, but the state police warned against it. They said that if the speed was shown, certain drivers, especially young ones, would consider it a worthy challenge to see how high a score they could achieve. Some drivers are like that. □



With Line and Hook in Alaska

Is there any place in the U.S.
with finer and more assured fishing?

story and photos by Erwin A. Bauer



RECENTLY A PARTY of visitors checked into the Baranof Hotel, one of the landmarks of Juneau, Alaska's capital. Immediately one visitor noticed the 100-pound chinook salmon mounted and hanging prominently in the lobby.

"At last," he blurted out. "A fisherman who told the truth."

What followed would please any tourist bureau or loyal chamber of commerce. A helpful clerk explained that although salmon of such size are indeed rare, fish of half that weight could be caught just a short boat trip from where they were standing. Or, for that matter, almost anywhere else in Alaska's southeastern panhandle.

Next day some of those visitors did engage a local fishing boat and cruised toward the transparent, island-studded channels which separate Auke Bay from deep green Admiralty Island. There they baited up, put trolling lines overboard and on a flooding tide drifted across the calm waters of the Inside Passage. The only other fishermen they met were bald eagles, guillemots and assorted other seabirds. When they eventually returned to the Juneau boat basin during the long midsummer twilight, six salmon were cooling on a bed of crusted ice. The smallest was 30 pounds, the largest 49, splendid fishing any way you regard it.

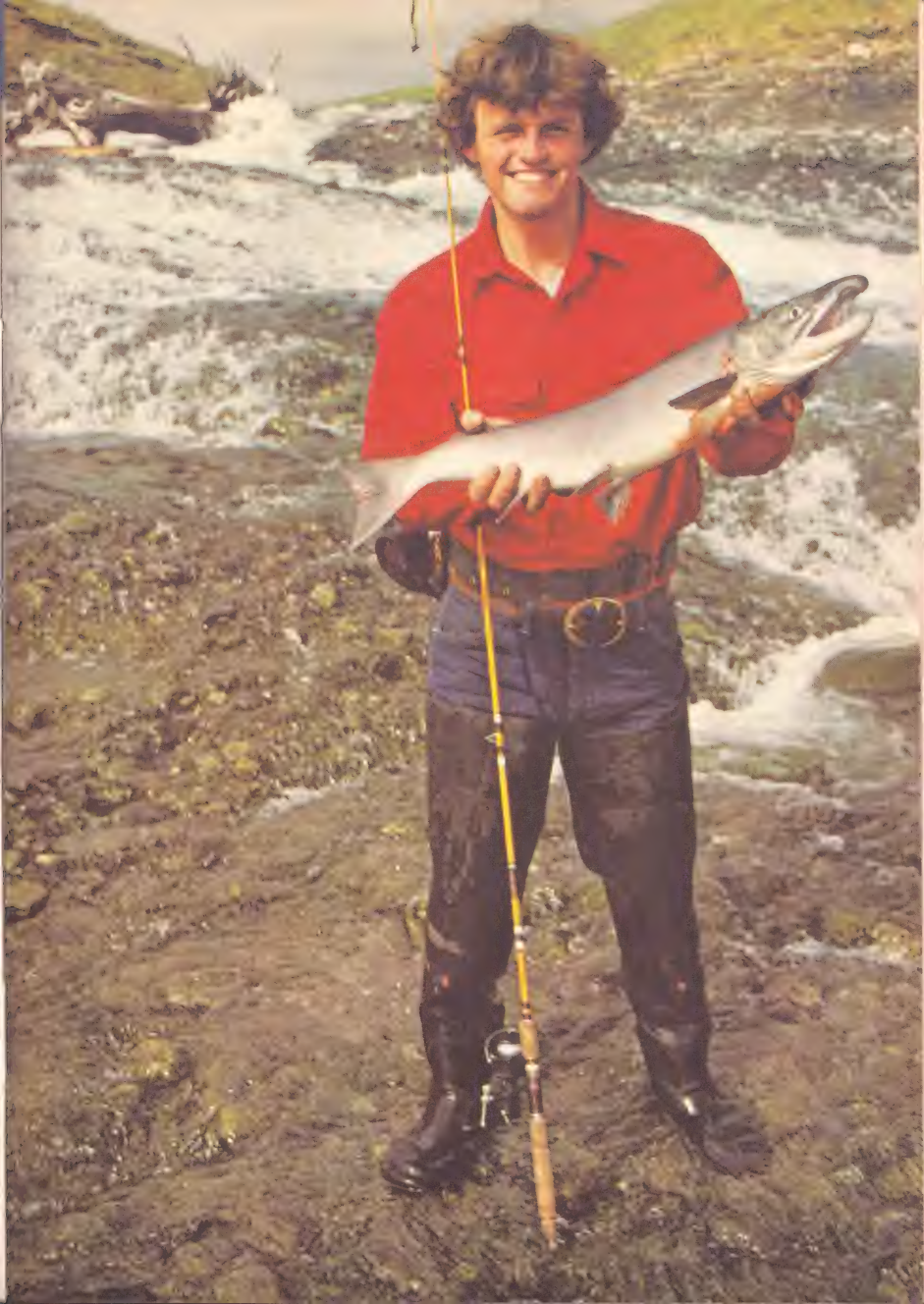
During a career largely devoted to vagabonding around the world with rod and reel tucked in his luggage, this writer has found Alaska an incomparable land for anglers. Spread

out any map of the state, the larger the scale the better, and you soon realize the potential. Here is a coastline from 5,000 to 10,000 miles long, depending on how it is measured. Just off shore and extending far out into the Bering Sea are far more islands than we have been able to name. In addition, some of the largest, purest, wilderness rivers flow across Alaska to reach the sea. This vast repository of excellent fishing water, both fresh and salt, contains a variety of great game species unmatched anywhere else.

Consider a few examples. The fastest of all rainbow trout fishing, bar none, exists here. Same for the steelhead, the rainbow's first cousin which lives most of its life in the ocean, but which returns inland once every year to defy fishermen. If these are not striking, then lake trout, Dolly Varden or cutthroat trout, Arctic char or grayling, northern pike or whitefish are.

Five different species of salmon run in Alaskan waters: the chinook (or king), the largest; the silver (or coho), pound for pound the gamest; the red (or sockeye); pink (or humpback), and chum (or dog). All can readily be captured on hook and line both in the sea and in their native spawning rivers.

The best saltwater fishing, for large halibut as well as the five salmon, occurs in the relatively sheltered waters of the Inside Passage from Ketchikan northwestward to Yakutat; specifically to such in-between points



as Juneau, Wrangell, Petersburg, Sitka, Glacier Bay and Haines, all along the route of the Alaska Marine Highway or car ferry. The fishing is at least good from May through September, but is superb most of that time. Still the best news is that fishing charter boat rates run less than in many other fishing regions, despite the overall higher prices in Alaska. Also, an outdoorsman who visits southeast Alaska by car ferry can trail or cartop his own boat and thereby require no charter.

There are sufficient accommodations for sportsmen in all those panhandle towns, as well as in many secluded bays and inlets, such as at Yes Bay and Bell Island, near Ketchikan. One which especially deserves mention is Glacier Bay Lodge at Bartlett Cove of Glacier Bay National Monument. A short cruise from this cozy lodging, I have caught halibut and salmon while watching chunks of ice shear off Muir Glacier and humpback whales cavort, amid some of the most awesome scenery in North America. Meanwhile I knew that back at the lodge the chefs were baking sourdough bread to go with the wild blueberries, king crab legs and deep-fried halibut for dinner.

North of the panhandle and in the heart of Alaska, most of the fishing is in lake, stream and river. You need waders instead of a boat. Some of the fishing, which can be reached only by charter fly-outs to distant roadless areas, is very, very expensive, so we will only briefly note a few of those hot-

spots for readers in search of a once-in-a-lifetime angling adventure. One such spot west of Anchorage and nearest to Dillingham is the Wood River-Tikchik Lakes region where only five fishing lodges exist in a region the size of West Virginia. At two of these, Tikchik Narrows and Golden Horn lodges, a fisherman can almost fish himself to exhaustion in a week's time. Top trophy fishing also exists in the Iliamna and Clark lakes area, where the scenery, if not always the weather, is superb. Incidentally, Alaska's summertime weather does tend to be damp and often dreary, and until August is usually accompanied by mosquitoes.

Suited for a modest budget

One outstanding fly-out fishing area can be reached by an angler on a modest budget, but with a tent and sleeping bag: Katmai National Monument. From Anchorage you catch a twice-daily Wien Air Alaska scheduled flight to King Salmon and from there make the short hop by amphibious plane to Brooks Camp (and Monument headquarters) where the Brooks River empties into Naknek Lake. A free campground is only a short hike from the plane landing ramp and throughout July there is super sockeye salmon fishing almost within sight of the campground. For a change of pace here, an angler can go backpacking or visit the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. It may also be Alaska's most convenient place to see the state's most impressive animals —

giant brown bears — at close range.

"Too close," my wife reported one morning when she met a mother bruin with a cub while casting for sockeyes below Brooks Falls. The bears also were fishing for salmon.

Not many years ago it was possible to pause almost anywhere a bridge crossed a stream and quickly catch enough fish for lunch. But those days are gone as the number of fishermen in the state has grown and grown. Today you work a lot harder for your fish but Alaska is still the best.

The secret is simply to know (or to find out) in which streams the salmon are currently "running" — or where the fish seem to be congregating offshore. Officers of the Alaska Fish and Game Department know the answers. The best thing is to call or drop into any of the F & G offices which exist in all but the smallest communities around the state.

A bible for everyone is the *Mile-post*, a highly detailed guide revised, updated and republished every year by Alaska Northwest Publishing Co. (\$5.95, Box 4 EEE, Anchorage, Alaska 99509). The same company also produces another book, *Fishing in Alaska*, which has specific information about waters, seasons, regulations and fish species statewide. Alaska Tour and Marketing Service (Suite 312, Park Place Building, Seattle, Washington 98101) will send a booklet listing reliable fishing camps and services. Wien Air Alaska (4100 International Airport Road, Anchorage, Alaska 99502) offers a free publi-

cation on many fishing opportunities accessible by the airline, the state's largest.

The simplest way to find Alaska's blue ribbon fishing is inexpensive, as well as fulfilling. You only have to leave the busy roads behind and start walking, sometimes not even very far, to where the human trails end and willow bush begins. Consider what happened to my wife and me on our last trip.

Moving upstream paid off

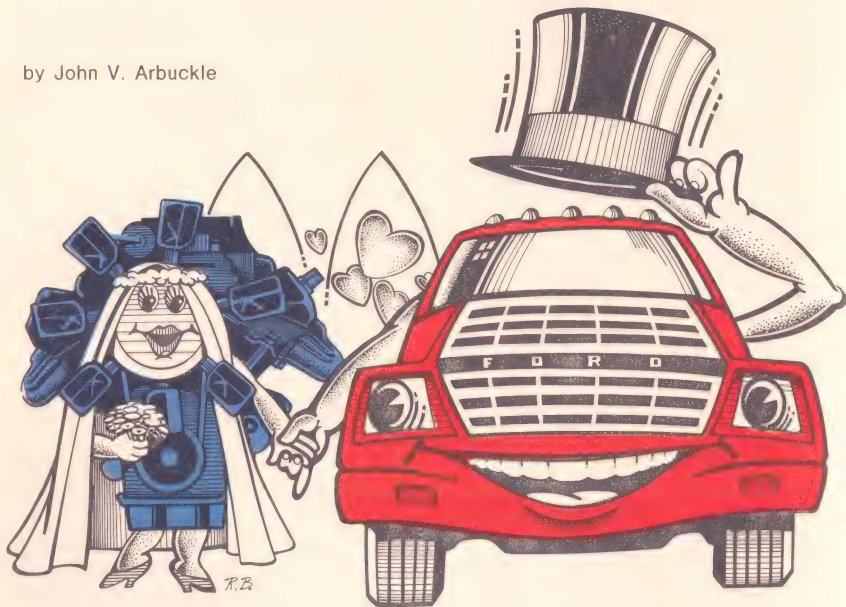
We had camped overnight in a fairly crowded campground (since it was the peak of summer) along a busy highway not far from Mount McKinley National Park. After breakfast in the morning, I rigged a flyrod, slipped into hipboots and tried casting in a cold, clear creek that hurried past our tent. When nothing happened, we waded upstream, met other anglers and cast again, also without luck. But suddenly, less than a mile above my starting point, we were alone beside a deep pool surrounded by brush. A fish dimpled the surface in the middle. Then another.

My first cast into this pool hooked a beautiful, high-jumping Arctic grayling which managed to spit out my tiny fly on the third leap. But no matter, because the second fish was hooked securely. So were the third and fourth. It was a remarkable bonanza we discovered, just barely beyond the sounds of traffic. We had a small part of paradise to ourselves. Alaska is full of places like that. □

Good News For Energy Savers

Fuel Pincher Diesel Weds Medium Truck

by John V. Arbuckle



MEDIUM-DUTY trucks are larger than pickups, smaller than the big rigs on the expressway. Unless you are a merchant, or farmer, or in construction or a similar activity, you probably don't give much thought to them.

You will.

They already are tremendously important to you as delivery vehicles, fire trucks, school buses, garbage haulers and many other things. During the next few years they are going to become even more important to you.

Why? Because of a unique mar-

riage that recently took place at Ford. Engineers mated F- and B-Series of medium trucks, introduced in October 1979, to an all-new engine called the 8.2L Fuel Pincher Diesel. The result is the only all-new medium-duty truck of the 1980s — a right, affordable choice in today's market place.

It's a choice that is going to benefit almost everyone by the work the new trucks will perform and because of the astounding savings in energy that will result. The Fuel Pincher Diesel has remarkably better fuel economy than a comparably powered gasoline engine performing the same function. Industry experts estimate, too, that by 1985 half the medium-duty trucks in use will be diesel powered. Traditionally, about 90 per cent have been gasoline-powered. Simple arithmetic shows how fuel consumption will be reduced in this country.

This new engine was eight years in development. In 1972, Ford engineers decided that it was time for a significant shift to diesel engines. Even then it was becoming obvious that fuel costs would rise. The diesel offered better fuel economy and more power than the gasoline counterpart. Heavy trucks had already begun to switch to diesel engines.

Ford began a search for an engine supplier that could provide a low-cost engine — priced between present mid-range diesel and gasoline engines — with 150 to 200 horsepower, a torque level (amount of power delivered to the drive shaft) that would allow a low-cost transmission and drive

axle, and a design geared to medium-duty city and suburban delivery service.

Detroit Diesel Allison, a major manufacturer of large-truck diesel engines, accepted the challenge and developed the 1,100-pound Fuel Pincher.

The engine now is available in two versions: 165 horsepower naturally aspirated with 350 pound-feet of torque; and 205 horsepower turbocharged with 430 pound-feet of torque. It is offered in the 600, 700 and 800 F-Series and 600 and 700 B-Series trucks.

Among the diesel's pluses: a serpentine outer block wall for strength and noise control; an advanced "swirl-fire" combustion system with simplistic unit fuel injectors for complete combustion; laser-hardened cam follower bodies and induction-hardened push rods; smooth-walled exhaust ports insulated with a stainless steel heat shield for maximum performance; laminated steel rocker covers and double-wall oil pan for low noise radiation.

The marriage of the 8.2L Fuel Pincher Diesel and the new medium-duty trucks promises many offspring. It is the key to Ford's North American medium-truck vehicle and powertrain strategy for the 1980s.

And the marriage also promises many happy returns to the driving public in the amount of productive work the trucks will produce and the energy they will save with their fuel-pinching ways. □

Fiesta

A Real Sweetheart of a "Wundercar"

by Gerald W. Odom

Fiesta with Ghia Group option





FIESTA, the lively little imported "wundercar" of the 1970s, has become the American sweetheart of the '80s — and there's no secret why.

You name it, Fiesta's got it. It's a fun-to-drive package of performance, maneuverability, comfort, European styling, serviceability and — of real importance to today's fuel-economy-conscious motorists — a lot of miles to the gallon.

Fiesta gets an EPA-estimated ²⁶ miles per gallon and an estimated highway rating of 38 miles per gallon.*

And fuel economy is just for starters. Fiesta, built by Ford of Germany, offers a combination of engineering achievements designed to deal efficiently with today's driving demands, whether in town or on the open road. Front-wheel drive, for example, coupled with a transverse-mounted (sideways) 1.6-liter overhead-valve four-cylinder engine that provides weight over the driving wheels, improves traction and adds to driver control, especially on slippery surfaces.

Performance and handling are further enhanced by MacPherson strut front suspension with coil springs and integral shocks, making for good directional stability and added driver control during handling, starts and stops. The rear suspension — with a tubular steel axle, trailing arms, vertical dampers and a Panhard rod — maintains constant rear-wheel track and camber, which adds to the driver's feel of control.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives di-

* For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage probably will be less than the highway estimate. California estimates are lower.

rect response for driving and parking. A four-speed manual overdrive floor shift transmission is fully synchronized for smooth, lively action.

There's more good engineering news with Fiesta's braking system. The 8.7-inch front-disc brakes and 7.0-inch rear-drum brakes are diagonally linked so that even if one of the brake cylinders becomes inoperative, there still will be at least 50 per cent braking power to provide reserve control.

You'll be glad to know, too, that these engineering achievements haven't been at the expense of comfort and roominess. If you are one of the small-car shoppers who expect a compromise in back seat room, for example, you'll be pleasantly surprised when you see Fiesta's great four-passenger design. The transverse-mounted engine and front-wheel drive minimize the transmission hump and drive-shaft tunnel, providing a flatter floor and allowing plenty of usable leg room front and rear. In fact, Fiesta's modern interior design offers 34.3 inches of back seat leg room, making it a leader among most subcompacts, import and domestic.

More comfort comes with Fiesta's contoured front bucket seats. Designed after extensive research, including a computer analysis of many seating positions, the seats are fully reclining with adjustable headrests. They are individually adjustable.

If it's space to carry luggage or parcels that you worry about — don't. The car's three-door hatchback design incorporates a rear seat that folds down to provide 29 cubic feet of storage space. In addition, the rear

Fiesta with Decor Group option





Third door opens to cargo area

hatchback door extends down almost to the bumper for easy loading of packages and luggage.

Fiesta also comes with an under-floor stowage compartment that provides 0.67 cubic feet of space — a good place to keep valuables out of sight.

But while you are keeping your valuables out of sight, you'll definitely want to keep Fiesta in view. Fiesta is one of the prettiest little cars on the road.

For 1980, Fiesta is offered in four trim levels: Standard, Decor, Sport and Ghia. Inside and out, these models are colorful, with several new exterior colors for 1980. A new interior shade — Bitter Chocolate — replaces Black, and a redesigned Sport Option cloth trim may be ordered in place of the standard vinyl trim.

Options such as flip-up open-air roof, cast-aluminum wheels and rear-window wiper/washer, tinted glass and a wide selection of radios and audio equipment make the Fiesta even livelier. And summer will be a cool breeze, winter a warm hearth, with Fiesta's optional comfort system.

Air conditioning provides cooling and dehumidifying with five movable vents, three-speed fan and an infinite-setting temperature control for the sticky summer months.

If you prefer your cool air the way nature made it, Fiesta has standard Ram-air Flow-Thru ventilation. A warm-air comfort system for chilly days also is standard equipment.

One of Fiesta's best selling points is its excellent serviceability. Some of its major components do not require scheduled maintenance or are self-adjusting, while others are conveniently located for checks or repairs. Transverse-mounted engine components are easy to reach, and see-through containers permit a quick sight check of battery, radiator, brake and windshield-washer fluid levels. Fiesta's fuse box is conveniently located under the instrument panel on the driver's side. In addition to this, Fiestas can be serviced at more than 5,200 Ford dealerships selling Fiesta in this country — more than are available for any other imported car.

Like all other 1980 Ford Division cars and light trucks, Fiesta has a new limited corrosion perforation warranty.

Put it all together and you've got a real sweetheart of a "wundercar" — or perhaps you've got four, what with the variety of trim packages offered. Whichever way you look at it, you've got a lively lot of fun and performance in the 1980 Fiesta. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

A Good Way to See Nevada



illustrations by Douglas Snow

I-80 is all very well, but there are lesser roads
and more beautiful scenes in the Silver State

by Doug Robinson

PEOPLE DRIVING west on Interstate 80 in the summer get the worst possible introduction to Nevada. Across the border fresh off the Great Salt Lake Desert, the landscape looks like a lot more of the same old sand and sage ahead. And it's hot. No wonder people are tempted to lean on the gas.

Get this over with.

But there is another way to go and a different Nevada to see, where the desert is broken by row after row of mountain ranges with pine forests rising over green ranches and occasional sparkling lakes. The interstate, which follows the old Humboldt Trail of the



immigrants, isn't the only way across Nevada, just the flattest. It made sense in a covered wagon, but today it misses the finer parts of an underrated state. The Pony Express riders roamed more freely and found a more interesting trail which passed places where the Paiute and Shoshone Indians lived. Let's follow their tracks.

For a look at the other Nevada, take a left off the interstate at Wells (don't forget to gas up), then follow Nevada 93 south, past Snow Water Lake, which fills with spring runoff, then west on Nevada 11 toward the Ruby Valley. The traffic disappears and it is easier to look around as the road climbs through the East Humboldt Range. Bushy pine trees dot the slope. Soon we are rolling through miles of green alfalfa fields, crossing creeks overrun with water and cat-tails, and passing ranch houses shaded by huge cottonwoods. This certainly is not bleached-bone Nevada.

At the base of the mountains the road turns south toward Ruby Marshes and becomes gravel, but it is usually well graded. Behind the green ranches the Ruby Mountains rise steeply to over 11,000 feet, massive mountains which siphon enough moisture out of passing winter storms to feed creeks running into this valley all through the hot summer. Even in July there are snowfields on the high peaks. Along this road one day I got within 20 feet of a golden eagle who stood his ground by the roadside.

It was also in the Ruby Valley one winter that I was treated to some of

that renowned Western hospitality. I had been ski mountaineering with friends for 11 days along the crest of the Ruby Mountains. It was a hard trip, storming mostly, so that when we emerged from a blizzard on the last morning with frozen feet, a broken ski binding was all the excuse we needed to head for the valley. At midday as we walked up to the first ranch I realized how strange we must look to the rancher at the window, four figures in brightly-colored nylon suits carrying skis and backpacks as we sloshed up his muddy driveway. But we were barely in the yard when the front door flew open and he stood on the porch grinning. "I don't know what you boys are about," he said, "but you'd better come in and get warm." His wife made us soup and later his son drove us back to where we had left our car.

On down the valley are the Ruby Marshes, where ducks and geese pause during their twice yearly migrations. There's fishing here in mountain streams, and the Rubies are famous for deer hunting.

At the south end of the marshes is the old Fort Ruby Pony Express station. Here in 1860-61 mail riders in from Utah could get a fresh mount and a meal before continuing west through Overland Pass at the south end of the Ruby Mountains. A trail follows their route, but don't try it — it's not for cars.

South of Fort Ruby lies a long stretch of desert leading to U.S. 50. Though you probably won't see Nevada's state animal, the desert bighorn

sheep, on your trip across the state (they stick to the highest elevations), this is a good stretch of road to watch for wild horses.

The horses are a spectacular sight. If you startle one of the small herds, the stallion will lead his mares away at a gallop, their long manes flying in the wind.

Meeting Highway 50 our route turns west to catch up with the Pony Express trail. Now we are going across the grain of the country, over passes in one mountain range after another. All of these Great Basin ranges — and there must be a hundred of them — seem to run north and



south. The Great Basin itself, which includes Nevada, western Utah and even a slice of California, is literally a basin — no water flows out to the sea.

It is the mountains that give life to this desert. They block the flow of winter storms going east, extracting a toll of snow before letting them pass. Although it is not so lush here, we begin to notice that every time we climb into another mountain range those same bushy pine trees start showing up again. Many western In-

dians lived partly on pinenuts, and these squat, branching piñon pines were their best source. The cones grow at the tops of the trees, a few brown dead ones among the green maturing ones. In late September it is possible to pick a few, but one should be wearing old clothes since the trees are then the most loaded with pitch. It is easier to find pinenuts in the general store at Eureka, 48 miles to the west.

Stop and get out at one of these mountain passes. Wander off into a piñon grove. It's so much cooler. No wonder the Paiutes and Shoshones moved their camps into the mountains for the Indian summer pinenut harvest. Life was more pleasant in the shade of the trees, with breezes coming over the hills and a view of the next range west. The pinenuts do not appear in every grove every year.

Not far beyond is the picturesque old mining town of Austin, where silver boomed in the 1860s. Now it is half ghost town, clinging to the hillside between tailing piles from mines. The frontier seems close on the sidewalks of Austin, among abandoned stone buildings with iron bars on the windows. To step into the general store is to go back two generations.

Ahead, Highway 50 goes through the farming district of Fallon to the turnoff for the legendary Virginia City, richest of all the Nevada silver camps. Beyond that is Carson City, the state capital, set at the foot of a long grade leading to Lake Tahoe, gem of the Sierra, and the California border at Stateline. □



**OVER FORTY
YEARS AGO
HENRY FORD
WANTED
YOU TO BE
ABLE TO GET
HIGH QUALITY
FORD
PARTS AT
REASONABLE
PRICES...
AND YOU STILL CAN.**

Way back in 1932, Mr. Henry Ford conceived the idea of remanufactured parts. He felt that by reusing some components (today we call it "recycling") high-quality Ford parts could be remanufactured to sell at economy prices. All Ford and Lincoln-Mercury owners would benefit.

Mr. Ford was certainly right. Today his idea has grown into a national network of 28 Ford Authorized Remanufacturers. They supply Ford remanufactured engines and parts (remanufactured to strict Ford Motor Company standards) through almost 6700 Ford, Lincoln-Mercury and Ford Truck dealers. So, because of Ford Authorized remanufactured parts, Ford and Lincoln-Mercury owners have a special, money-saving advantage. Ask your dealer for them.

THE QUALITY IS FORD. THE PRICE IS RIGHT.

Remanufactured



Engines • Parts



illustrations by Tom Greene

Life on the Mississippi Today

by Nathaniel Burt

IN 1882, almost 100 years ago, Mark Twain took his triumphant trip back to his river. He'd been a licensed pilot on it (1857-8) during the great days of the steamboat boom, but when he came back for the first time in over 20 years, the boom was over. At St. Louis, where he remembered the whole waterfront jammed with gaudy vessels, there remained only half a dozen drowsy derelicts. By 1887 there was no longer passenger service between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

The book called *Life on the Mississippi* consists first of a series of articles written about his life as a pilot, then of a description of the river in 1882 when he made his return trip — “modern times.” The book combines nostalgia for his youth and pride in American progress. The profession of piloting as he describes it is still practiced on the river. Once again there is passenger service between Cincinnati and New Orleans. As for “modern times,” they may perhaps be less intrusive now than they were then. The first steamboat went down from Pittsburgh to New Orleans in 1811. It was built by Nicholas Roosevelt, kin of the presidential family. Roosevelt used the trip as a sort of second honeymoon, but it was a rugged one. His wife gave birth to a child in Louisville. Sinister omens marked the trip, first a conspicuous comet, then a lemming-like migration of squirrels trying to cross the Ohio that filled the river with tiny corpses, and worst of all, the most severe earthquake known in the region's history, which altered chan-

nels and landmarks. The riverside town of New Madrid was swallowed up, pilots had to work by God and guess. Indians vengefully pursued the ship in their canoes thinking that the “Fire Demon” had caused comet and earthquake.

Nonetheless the *New Orleans* made it, and the river was open to up-and-down commercial traffic. The Deep-South cotton boom coincided with this opening of the river and by the 1830s the bonanza had begun. It was a rough, tough, colorful and rather nefarious business while it lasted, full of unsavory commercial tactics, horrible wrecks and explosions, and high profits — for some. By 1880 it was all over. Passengers preferred the quicker and comparatively safer railroads.

Freight traffic survived and in later years gradually increased. Now barges pushing strings of locked-together flatboats, loaded with everything from coal to molasses, carry more tonnage on the river annually than goes through the Panama Canal. Passenger service fared less well. There were always a few local excursion and show boats. But as the traffic was killed off by the Civil War, so it was revived by World War II.

A family called Greene, pilots and captains of both sexes, notably the formidable teetotaler Ma Greene, operated craft on pleasure cruises during the war — a way for civilians to get away from gas shortages. The Greenes made such a killing that in 1946 they decided to add to their fleet

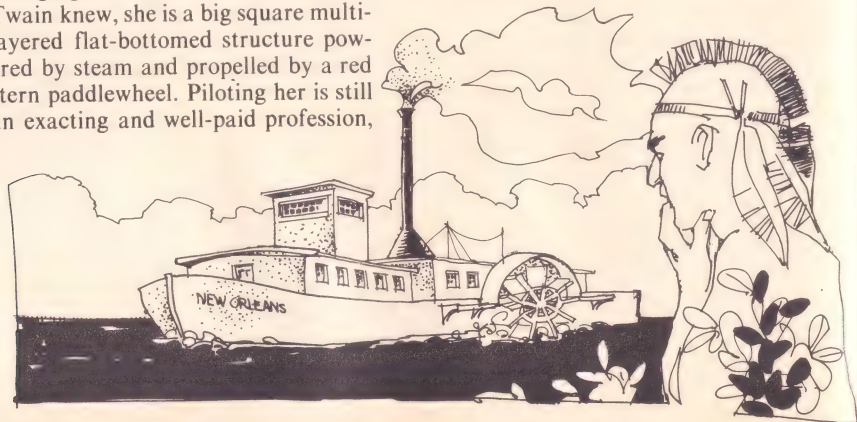
that originally magnificent vessel the *Delta Queen*.

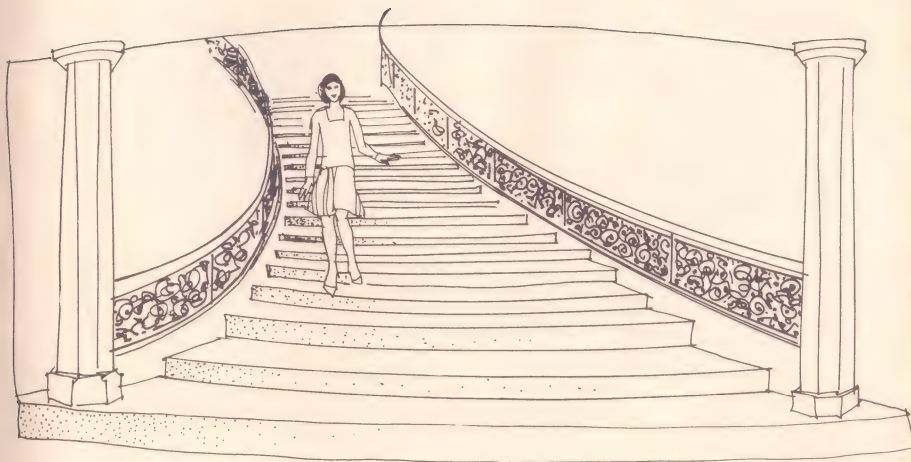
Despite its name, this *Queen* was not a Mississippi boat. It had been built in Scotland in 1924 and reassembled in California for use on the Sacramento River. During the war it was converted into a transport and ruined by a universal coat of battleship gray paint. The Greenes had no problem buying the boat; the question was how to get it east. Overland freight was prohibitive, so a brave crew towed the boarded-up, eight-foot-draft landlubber down the Pacific coast, through various storms at sea and the Panama Canal. Refurbished, it has been in service on the Mississippi since 1948.

I went down the river on the *Delta Queen* almost a century after Mark Twain. How different was it, what had changed in a century and what hadn't? The *Queen* herself was a measure of both the changing and the unchanging. Just like the boats that Twain knew, she is a big square multi-layered flat-bottomed structure powered by steam and propelled by a red stern paddlewheel. Piloting her is still an exacting and well-paid profession,

and passengers on either the *Delta Queen* or her brand new and bigger sister ship the *Mississippi Queen* still ride in considerable luxury. The luxury of the *Delta Queen*, however, is cozy rather than grandiose. No endless saloons glittering with mirrors and chandeliers. Instead, comfortable brownish lounges full of easy chairs and card tables. No raffish gamblers and flashy girls preying on besotted planters and gullible travelling men. Instead, 200 amiable passengers coddled by an equally amiable, if considerably younger, crew. Most of the passengers tend to antedate the 50-year-old *Queen*.

The staterooms, too, are cozy rather than sumptuous. Ours had wide brass beds and stained glass transoms; no bathtub or closets. Down below, by grand staircase, is the dining saloon with its Siamese ironwood floors and rich meals with a Southern accent — biscuits and hominy grits for breakfast. Up above, by the same grand





staircase, is the Texas Bar where from five o'clock on joy is more or less unconfined, assisted by the jazz of the Riverboat Ramblers.

All of this is wrapped in open decks, where you can walk your mile (11 times round) or just sit. Life can be either quietly contemplative or convivial. Every day has its activity — a Mardi Gras party in costume one evening, a Mint Julep Wake Up Party one morning. Lots of informative lectures about river lore; and lots and lots of music.

One of the most delightful features of the trip is the built-in sound. Those Riverboat Ramblers explore jazz in all its ramifications. When in Memphis, for instance, you hear the classics of now-vanished Beale Street. Evening performances in the dining room include a banjo virtuoso or a tour through the musical favorites of

World War I. A soft piano at dinner brings back every old tune you've forgotten. The Ramblers have been for years under the direction of the Tooker family. Ma Tooker, a gracious gray-haired hostess at the tea hour, plucks a mean bass fiddle at night. Son Vic sings, narrates and plays every known wind instrument.

Then there's the calliope, a real steam-spouting, ear-piercing, painted-up thing on the top deck. Salvaged by divers from an old river wreck, it was originally too hot to handle — literally. Performers wore asbestos gloves and goggles for protection against the steam. Now it is less lethal but always gorgeously off pitch. When it is played at night, say on leaving Cincinnati, with colored lights on the steam and the boat whistle joining in, the effect is festive, not to say overpowering.

But quiet contemplation has its re-



wards, too. How to convey the slow, subtle fascination of just plain river-boat travel? Because you go so slowly, six to 10 miles per hour (nautical terms like knot, and companionway, are scorned by inland sailors), you have time to be enclosed and seduced by the views. Because you are continually shifting direction, slow curves to east and west, north and south, you get constant, refreshing shifts of sun and shadow.

The scenery is soothing, not striking. It is surprisingly and overwhelmingly wild. On the Ohio you go through gentle wooded Appalachian hills covered in May with the richest new green reflected in the full-flooding clear reaches of water. On the Mississippi, as far as St. Louis, the water is swirling and muddy and the banks are romantically craggy-cliffs and pinnacles that need only castles to resemble the more naive 19th century

handmade landscapes. Below the great confluence of rivers, where the clear Ohio and the turgid Mississippi join and flow along for a while without mingling, the river opens out into a vast brown width, with low shores that eventually become levees. At this time of year, flood time, the boat looks down over the top of the levees onto the pastures and live oaks of plantations below water level.

This lush, bird-busy, secretive shoreside wilderness is punctuated by occasional far-spaced human activity. Not so much farms and small towns — most of the lowland farms being under water in May — as big industrial complexes. Nuclear plants or refineries loom up, seemingly isolated. Multicolored bridges cross above once in a while, full of overhead traffic, including joggers.

And then the boat does stop. About every other day the *Queen* ca-

sually ties up, usually way off schedule, to the sloping stone waterfront of some city. Passengers climb up the slope and scramble over the railroad tracks to find themselves in the downtown district. There are the metropolises, Cincinnati and St. Louis with their revolutionary projects of skyways and gardens; Cincinnati with its plaza around the Victorian Probasco fountain, St. Louis with its soaring Saarinen arch. There are lesser places. Paducah, tucked into the northwest corner of Kentucky, holds dear the memory of its two most famous citizens — the popular humorist and writer Irvin Cobb and Vice President Alben Barkley. The historical society treasures the last photo of Barkley. He is speaking into a microphone minutes before he keeled over with a heart attack. The most conspicuous building in town, a 10-story Tudor fantasy, is the Irvin Cobb Hotel.

Every place — Louisville, Memphis, Baton Rouge — has its downtown rehabilitation. In Memphis it's a magnificent mall stretching from a rather awesome civic piazza down to where Beale Street used to be, totally liquidated by urban renewal. Baton Rouge is also building an elaborate civic center next to the Old Capitol.

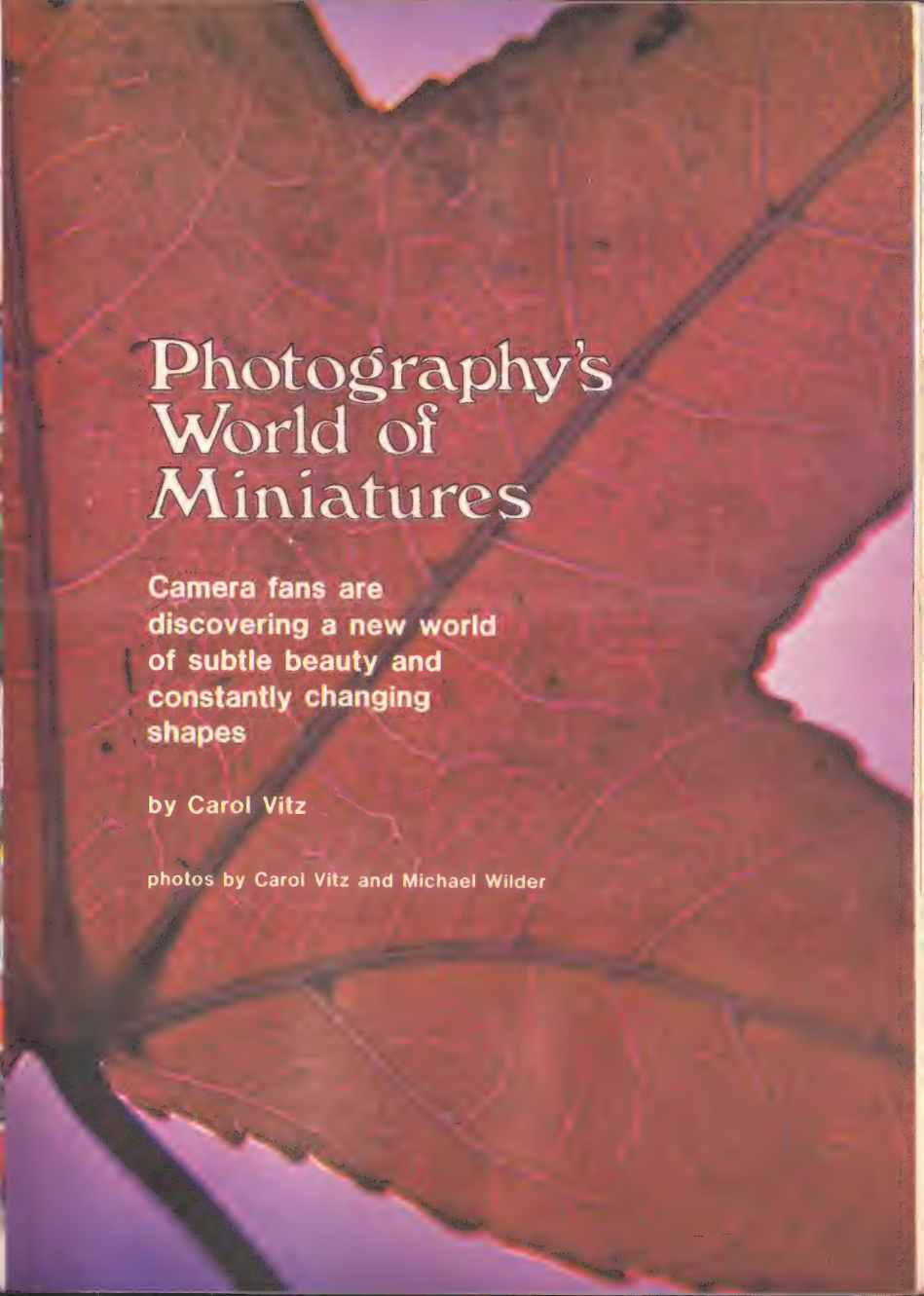
Twain liked progress, and the vast oil refineries of Baton Rouge where seagoing Greek tankers tie up, the busy barge life of the river itself, the pale skyscraper towers of Memphis suddenly and magically rising over the flat curves of the river would have pleased him. He would be equally

pleased to know that the profession of piloting still flourishes. Loxie, the beautiful blond six-foot girl pilot of the *Queen*, who explained to us the rigors of her training, might surprise but surely please him. The radar and the searchlights picking out markers on the bank at night and the ship-to-shore radio might amaze him. But the exacting test of drawing freehand from memory the course of the river has remained part of the pilot's examination as it did in his days.

Above all, the atmospherics, the morning mists and evening sunsets over the water, the chorus of birdsong on either side, the seemingly endless reaches of woodland and swamp would certainly be fondly familiar to him; especially that feeling of being absorbed, contained, surrounded by the huge American heartland of which these rivers are the bloodstream. The half-Southern voices, the casual competence, the relaxed ease of it all makes the grubby frenzy of East Coast megalopolis seem wonderfully far away.

From the gourmet picturesqueness of New Orleans and the incredibly rich displays of ante-bellum mansions at Natchez to the German-Victorian *Gemütlichkeit* of Cincinnati, the old survives along the river with the new and the aboriginal. Twain would recognize the landmarks. Meanwhile the dynamics and renovations of the modern world, so aptly symbolized by the Saarinen arch in St. Louis, are there for the admiration of those who choose to see them. □





Photography's World of Miniatures

Camera fans are
discovering a new world
of subtle beauty and
constantly changing
shapes

by Carol Vitz

photos by Carol Vitz and Michael Wilder

FOR YEARS, cameras on my arm, I've hiked up and down hills and mountains, through meadows and forests and along beaches. Thanks to my cameras, I've recorded many of the beautiful, exhilarating aspects of nature — sunsets, autumn landscapes, waterfalls.

But, like so many other vacationers, I used to miss some of the most fascinating sights of all. Along seashores and roadsides, in valleys and beside streams, and close to forest floors, sightseers and hikers are unknowingly passing by or stepping over what can best be described as the world of miniatures. This world of small things is inhabited by amazing plant and animal life that can barely be seen by the naked eye. Its sights become visible only through a magnifying glass or a camera's close-up lens.

Entering this tiny world is like being an explorer, an adventurer into an ethereal and dream-like world of subtle beauty. That small mushroom beneath the leaves in your back yard can make as momentous a photograph as the majestic mountain peak you traveled around the world to see.

Such professionals as geologists, botanists and biologists have long been familiar with this miniature world. But only in recent times have photographers, both amateur and professional, begun to discover the awesome sights and limitless scope of the world of miniatures.

The pleasure of recording this tiny world on film is available to any

owner of a single lens reflex 35-millimeter camera through adding one or more of several basic photographic tools and accessories.

The most expensive but perhaps easiest method of focusing at a range closer than the two or three feet of most camera lenses is to buy what photographers call a "macro" or close-up lens. A less expensive way of allowing a lens to focus closer is to place an extension tube between a normal lens and the camera. But the least expensive way of magnifying objects is to fit a small magnifying lens called a "diopter" onto the front of the regular lens. Diopter lenses, which are available in various degrees of magnification, can be used singly or in combination.

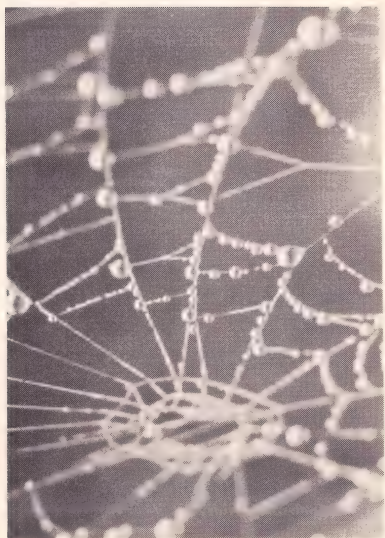
Using these accessories has allowed me to capture a world where color and form are constantly changing, appearing and disappearing right before my eyes.

Too small for the naked eye

I can now examine and photograph flowers the size of a pin-head, or dew drops on a spider web. The closer I get the more I see the glittering phosphorescent qualities that characterize the world of nature yet are too small to be noticed with the naked eye. Flower petals become translucent and iridescent. Autumn leaves are transformed into almost miraculous color

The beauty of the tiger lily is the star of this close-up photo.





Delicate beads of morning dew are captured on the web of a spider.

tapestries. The bark of trees becomes an abstract color painting.

In taking pictures of this miniature world I prefer color film, either Kodachrome 64 or Kodak Photomicrography. The latter is a relatively unknown hard-to-find film, because of its strong contrasts, fine grain and saturated color, but well worth the search. However, Kodachrome 64, which is widely available, gives a more accurate color rendition, and thus is generally preferable.

Light is an especially important aspect of microphotography. Often, when I come up close to an object, I block some of the light or even cast a shadow. To avoid this, I shoot in set-

tings where the light is as bright as possible.

In microphotography, where my shutter speed is usually slower than 1/60 second, I steady my camera by bracing it firmly against my forehead or by resting my elbows on something. I don't use a tripod to obtain particularly sharp images because tripods lack flexibility, which is important in close-up work of this nature.

I'd rather be able to shift my perspective very subtly and move in, out and around the subject while trying to find just the "right" angle, snapping all the time. The images you see are often fleeting and require you to be as mobile and spontaneous as possible.

Unlimited possibilities

The possibilities for subject matter are as varied and limitless as your imagination. Each small variation in lighting, camera angle or subject positioning can create an entirely new picture. For example, place a flower in front of your macro lens. Carefully observe how the image of this flower changes as you alter your position.

A tiny shift in camera angle (one small fraction of movement) can create whole new relationships of contour and color. Background environment adds its own out-of-focus spray of color to your composition.

And be prepared for the unexpected to happen. A small breath of wind might blow a leaf into perfect position just long enough for you to snap your picture — a pose your subject will never adopt again. □

Be Nancy Kennedy's Guest



Nancy Kennedy, *Ford Times* food editor, with Joe Beyer, owner and host of the Pontchartrain Wine Cellars in Detroit, Michigan. The restaurant is featured in *Ford Times Favorite Recipes*.

Introduce Your Friends to
371 Favorite Recipes From
237 Famous Restaurants

You can for only \$6.95
through the 144 pages of *Ford
Times Favorite Recipes*,
Volume VII.

This magnificently illustrated,
easy-to-read hardcover book
draws upon the past six years
of recipes and restaurant

descriptions from Nancy Kennedy's award-winning monthly *Ford Times* feature, "Favorite Recipes From Famous Restaurants." Nancy has personally compiled and tested all of the recipes.

The book is perfect for your car as well as your kitchen.

For the traveler, the restaurants are organized conveniently by city and state in six major areas of North America. Included in the descriptions are directions for finding each restaurant.

Pamper yourself and your friends; order several copies.

FORD PUBLICATIONS, Box 1509-B, Dearborn, Michigan 48121
Please send me _____ copies of *Ford Times Favorite Recipes*,
Volume VII, at \$6.95 per copy, postpaid. Enclosed is my check payable
to Ford Motor Company for \$ _____.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP Code _____



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



**BLUE STRAWBERRY
RESTAURANT
PORTSMOUTH, NEW
HAMPSHIRE**

This charming restaurant is housed in a 1797 restored ship's chandlery warehouse overlooking the city's historic harbor. Through the imaginative efforts of its co-owners James Haller, chef; Mark John Burke, manager-waiter; and Gene Brown, bartender-waiter; this has become one of New England's outstanding restaurants. It is unique in that all foods are freshly prepared for each of the two evening seatings, 6 and 9 o'clock, by reservations only. Open year-round; closed Monday and Tuesday from September to June. It is at 29 Ceres Street. Nearest main highway is I-95.

**LA HACIENDA DE LOS
MORALES
HOUSTON, TEXAS**

This fairly new restaurant has made a big hit with Houstonians and advance reservations are needed. The lush grounds surrounding the Spanish-style mansion and the lavishly furnished interior announce that dinner here is a special event. The building is a replica of the famous Mexico City hacienda (now a restaurant by the same name) that dates back to the 16th century. The cuisine is primarily Continental although a few Mexican specialties are offered. Open year-round for lunch and dinner by reservation only, it is at 10440 Deerwood on Buffalo Bayou off I-10.

Polish Doughnuts

- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons grated orange, lemon or lime rind
- 1 pint whipping cream
- Dash salt and sugar
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 3 cups flour or more
- Cooking oil
- Confectioners' sugar or cinnamon-sugar

Beat eggs until foamy. Beat in grated rind and cream, salt and sugar. Sift baking powder with flour and blend in until dough becomes sticky. Knead in enough flour to make dough dry. Roll out to about 1/4-inch thickness. Cut into long strips and cut each strip into 3- or 4-inch pieces. Make a small cut through the center, twist one end through the slit. Heat deep fat to 450° and drop twists into fat until golden brown. Let doughnuts drain a few minutes on absorbent paper and roll in sugar. Makes about 3 dozen.

Veal de Los Morales

- 1 1/2 pounds veal, cut in thin, even slices
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 pound fresh sliced mushrooms
- 6-ounce can sliced artichoke hearts
- 1/4 cup white wine
- 1/4 cup veal stock or bouillon
- 4 cooked asparagus spears

Cut veal into 12 portions, 2 ounces each. Pound lightly until very thin. Dredge with mixture of flour, salt and pepper. Sauté in butter until brown on both sides. Push veal aside, add mushrooms and artichokes and cook, stirring, about 4 minutes. Remove veal, mushrooms and artichokes to hot platter. Add wine and stock to pan drippings. Scrape loose the brown particles and bring to boil. Pour over veal and vegetables. Garnish with asparagus spears. Serves 4.



GRAND CONCOURSE

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

It would not be surprising to hear the old familiar call "All Aboard!" as you enter this spectacular restaurant housed in the historic turn-of-the-century Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad terminal at One Station Square near the heart of the city. Opened a couple of years ago by Chuck Muer, a third-generation member of the famous Detroit seafood family, the restaurant naturally emphasizes fish and seafoods expressed overnight from Boston, Canada and the Great Lakes. Lunch and dinner are served daily, special brunch on Sunday, and food and drinks are available at other hours in the Oyster Bar and Gandy Dancer.

LOS AMIGOS

VAIL, COLORADO

The bright red background with handpainted birds and flowers, desert plants and colorful pottery makes for a happy setting for the excellent foods coming from this kitchen. George "Shirkie" Evans, the owner, got an early start in the culinary world. At 15 he accompanied his minister-grandfather through the Southwest and with three other Mexican-American teenagers cooked meals for hundreds of cowboys attending the religious gatherings. Today, his mastery brings peak crowds to his dining room for Mexican specialties, many of them handed down by his mother. The restaurant is open for lunch and dinner year-round on Hanson Ranch Road, two blocks from I-70.

Stuffed Scrod Chuck Muer

Split 4 portions (8 ounces each) pre-skinned scrod in half, starting at thickest end and leaving attached on one side. Sauté 1 finely chopped onion in 1 cup margarine until soft. Cool, then mix with 8 ounces shredded crab meat, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white cream sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs. Spread on fish and roll lightly to shape. Place on broiler pan, dust with paprika and salt and brush with oil. Broil 6 to 10 minutes until fish flakes easily. Serve with lemon wedges and tartar sauce. Serves 4.

Stewed Tomatoes

Drain 1 pint whole canned tomatoes and set aside. Heat 2 tablespoons oil seasoned with dash of salt, oregano, basil and 1 medium garlic clove, chopped fine. Sauté $\frac{1}{2}$ cup julienne-style onions in seasoned oil until onions are soft. Gently fold in whole tomatoes and heat to serving temperature. Serves 4.

Chili Con Queso

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound Monterey Jack cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound mild Cheddar cheese
- 1 small can chopped green chilies
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin seed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 small Jalapeño (hot) chili diced fine (optional)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup half-and-half cream

Cut cheese in small pieces and place in double boiler over hot water. Add chilies, cumin, garlic powder and hot chili. Stir until cheeses are melted and blended. Slowly stir in cream and blend. May be served in small bowls or a fondue pot over low heat (stir at intervals to keep from sticking to pan). Serve as a dip with Tostaditos for appetizer or accompaniment to beverages.

Tostaditos

Cut 3 packages (12 each) corn tortillas into eighths. Drop, handful at a time, into $\frac{3}{4}$ inch hot fat and fry until crisp and golden. Drain on paper, sprinkle with salt and keep warm.

The Dutch Oven A Pioneer Goes Traveling

by Kay Savage

IN ANY gourmet shop display of cookware there is one pot that would never win a beauty contest among the glistening copper pots and shiny pans.

But don't underestimate this Cinderella of the cooking world. It's a squat and heavy iron Dutch oven whose ancestors date back to Colonial days. It's possible some of its ancestors are still in use. It's also possible some of the much earlier ones came over on the Mayflower.

The Dutch oven, made specifically for open-fire cooking, is made of heavy cast iron in basic sizes from eight to 16 inches in diameter and from four to six inches deep. Its heavy, flat bottom has three short legs to avoid direct contact with coals. The snug-fitting lid of the same heavy metal is slightly domed in the center with a ring handle and a rim around

the edge to hold hot coals, allowing top and bottom heating. It is also fitted with a sturdy bail handle for easy lifting. The 12-inch size is four inches deep with a six-quart capacity.

It can be set down on open coals, buried in a pit of coals or hung on a hook over a fire. It is a stewing kettle, frying pan and oven, all in one portable utensil.

In his book *Old-Fashioned Dutch Oven Cookbook*,* Don Holm, wildlife editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, reports a large-sized Dutch oven was one of the most valued pieces of equipment toted by the Lewis and Clark Expedition over a two-year period starting in 1804 from the Mississippi, over the Continental Divide to the Pacific.

He traces the history of this early American cooking pot, said to have been perfected in design by Paul Revere and manufactured extensively in Colonial New England. It reportedly acquired the label of "Dutch" oven from Dutch traders who bought it in quantity for barter with the Indians.

Holm's book makes fascinating reading and contains many of his favorite outdoor recipes.

As the frontier moved westward from the east coast, family belongings had to be limited to essentials. And the Dutch oven was one of these. Easily portable, simple and versatile, it was used for all kinds of cooking

* *Old Fashioned Dutch Oven Cookbook* is available in bookstores and from the Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho 83605. The price is \$4.95.



from bread-baking to roasting wild game, fish fries and for making soups and stews. There is almost no limit to what can be cooked in this heirloom pot and the longer it is used, the better its products taste.

The Dutch oven is now enjoying a revival among today's frontiersmen, the auto campers. It's the perfect utensil for scaled-down trips that many outdoor fans are taking to help combat inflation and possible gasoline shortages at higher prices.

Staying closer to home, maybe your plans call for only a day or overnight outing. Packing up all the family camping gear for short stays takes away some of the fun and becomes a chore.

With a Dutch oven, a sack of charcoal or briquets and the food, you're on the road in jig time to stop wherever or whenever you wish. A box of staples and eating utensils in the car lets you stop at markets along the way for extras when the hungries hit.

For a fishing outing you can double your pleasure by cooking and eating your catch on the spot. Few adventures are as satisfying as really fresh fish, caught on your own line from lake or stream, cooked as soon as the fire is ready and enjoyed without delay.

You can also chalk up a dividend — this is "free food" (except for license fees).

Preparation and serving is simple. After the fish are cleaned they need only to be dipped in salted flour for frying, either in a small amount of fat

or in hot, deep fat. Prepared pancake flour also may be used and some cooks like to combine equal parts of corn meal and flour for coating.

Pan-Fried Fish

Heat fat in Dutch oven to cover bottom of pan. Lay in prepared fish and cook 3 to 4 minutes on each side, until golden and fish flakes easily. Don't overcook.

Deep-Fat Fried Fish

Heat vegetable shortening or cooking oil in Dutch oven to depth of about 3 inches to about 375°. (To test without a thermometer, drop a 1-inch bread cube into the fat when you think it is hot enough; if cube browns in 1 minute, the temperature is about right). Slide prepared fish into hot fat and cook until golden, 5 to 7 minutes, depending on size. When there is a lot of fish to be cooked, make certain the fat stays hot.

You might like to take along a batch of mix-at-home Hush Puppies to go with the fish.

These are little corn cakes that are cooked in the hot fat after the fish has been fried. They get the name from old Southern fish fries where the cooking aromas drove the hounds to distraction. To quiet them, the men would drop chunks of corn meal batter into the hot fat to brown, then toss them to their four-footed friends with the command "Hush, Puppy."

But they're equally appetizing to the two-footed friends. Measure and mix dry ingredients in a plastic bag at home, then add liquid at cooking time. The bag also serves as a mixing bowl.

Hush Puppies

Mix 2¼ cups corn meal, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons onion flakes, ¾ teaspoon soda. Stir in 1½ cups buttermilk or sour milk, mix well and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat. Cook until lightly browned, about 2 minutes or until they float to the top. Serve hot with cooked fish. Makes about 24. (May also be cooked in shallow fat, about 1-inch depth.)

A berry-picking expedition can be good fun for everyone, especially when a treat of Berry Dump-

lings is the reward at the end of the job. This is another example of "free food" (almost). And if the pickin's are good, there will be a supply to carry home for winter jams and jellies.

Berry Dumplings

Wash and drain 4 to 6 cups berries (blueberries, raspberries, etc.). Turn into Dutch oven, crushing fruit slightly with heavy spoon to release some of the juices. Stir in mixture of 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon water and 1 tablespoon cornstarch and bring to boiling. Add sugar to taste and reduce to simmering. Blend 2 cups biscuit mix, 2 tablespoons sugar and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk. Drop by tablespoonsful onto simmering fruit. Cover and simmer about 20 minutes until dumplings are dry and light in center. (Cut into one to test). Serve with heavy cream, if possible.

Bread baking can be done in two ways, either on the bottom of the well-greased oven or in baking pans a little smaller than the oven. Directly on the heat, the baking must be carefully watched to avoid scorching. A trivet or a few pebbles may be used under baking pans to keep them off the bottom.

Baking is accomplished by raking out a pad of glowing hot coals from the campfire and setting the oven over these. The oven should always be preheated before food is put into it. When the food is in place more hot coals may be shoveled onto the lid. The cast iron quickly absorbs and distributes the heat of the coals throughout the surface.

Dutch Oven Corn Bread

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar, optional
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups corn meal
- 1 egg
- 2-3 tablespoons melted butter or bacon fat
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped, cooked ham or bacon, optional

Heat Dutch oven and place trivet or a few pebbles

on the bottom. Grease 9-inch round pan generously and place in oven until hot. Mix flour, baking powder, sugar, salt and corn meal. Beat egg in small bowl, beat in melted shortening and milk. Pour into dry ingredients and combine with a few rapid strokes. Place in hot pan, cover oven and bake about 25 minutes. Remove cover immediately so moisture will not drip into bread.

Biscuits can be made in the same way, using a prepared mix according to label directions.

The combination of an oldie (Dutch oven) and a comparative newcomer (aluminum foil) makes a good team for a variety of on-the-go foods. You have the advantage of a good cook pot or oven without any clean-up mess.

On a day where there will be someone nearby to stoke up the fire from time to time this main dish needs only time for cooking. It goes together in minutes.

Pot Roast in Foil

Fold a double thickness of foil large enough to wrap completely a 4-pound chuck roast. In center of foil sprinkle 1 envelope onion soup mix. Place meat on mix and sprinkle another package over the top. Fold foil both ways to form a snug package. Place in Dutch oven over moderate heat and allow about 4 hours for cooking. When foil is opened the meat is nicely browned, well-seasoned and moist.

Cored and filled apples, corn on the cob and acorn squash also can be foil wrapped and baked in the oven.

Many sporting goods shops and some hardware stores carry Dutch ovens or you may write to Lodge Manufacturing Co., South Pittsburg, Tennessee 37380 and Griswold Manufacturing Co., Division of Randall Co., P.O. Box 261, Sidney, Ohio 45365.

Follow manufacturers' directions for use. A Dutch oven or any cast iron utensil should be "seasoned" before use. This consists of rubbing with unsalted fat several times to let the metal absorb the fat. Never use detergents, strong soap or scouring pads. Wiping out with a soft cloth is about all the cleaning necessary. □



DAYS OF DAISIES

by Constance Scofield

illustrations by Robert Reynolds

*He loves me,
He loves me not . . .*

Waves of daisies float through hayfields to announce the arrival of summer.

*Tinker, tailor,
Soldier, sailor . . .*

It is the time between seasons. The last spring flowers have gone, from gardens and meadows alike, and the Canada lilies — first of the showy summer flowers — won't blaze into bloom for at least another week. For the moment, the world belongs to buttercups and daisies. They fill the meadows and drift along roadsides.

*Rich man, poor man,
Beggarmen, thief . . .*

Daisies were the first lightning rods. Ancient Greeks loved the flower and dedicated it to Artemis, goddess of the moon and protectress of women. Because Artemis was the daughter of Jupiter, hurler of thun-

derbolts, Greeks grew daisies around their homes as protection from lightning.

*Doctor, lawyer,
Merchant chief . . .*

The stately white flower is known in England and Europe as the oxeye daisy or marguerite. It can grow virtually anywhere and has the distinction of being the most common wild plant in the world. Botanists know it as a wild chrysanthemum.

*Salt, mustard,
Vinegar, pepper . . .*

Need a magic potion? Herbalists from ancient times to the present have relied upon daisies as a cure for ailments ranging from jaundice to whooping cough. In medieval times, daisy poultices were applied to wounds and skin rashes. Fresh daisy leaves were strewn on the floor to drive away fleas. In the 19th century, herbalists brewed daisy tea to relieve



asthma and to calm the nerves — much in the way our grandmothers used camomile flowers.

*Silk, satin,
Calico, rags . . .*

Because daisies are in full bloom on June 24, the feast of St. John the Baptist, the daisy was once considered St. John's personal flower. People decorated their homes and churches with daisy garlands to celebrate the day.

*Lady, baby,
Gypsy, queen . . .*

Planning to be a famous poet? You'll be in good company* if you write about daisies. Chaucer started it with his homage to the "dayseye" in the Prologue to the *Legend of Good Women*.

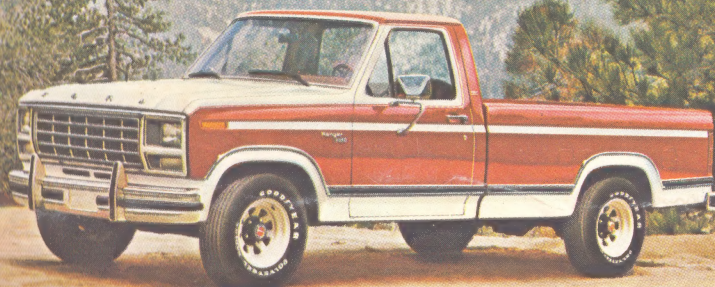
Then Skelton, Shakespeare and

Milton each took a turn. In the Romantic period, Shelley and Wordsworth joined the daisy parade, and Tennyson continued the tradition for Victorians. But the Scottish poet Robert Burns gets the daisy laurel. He wrote an entire poem — *To a Mountain Daisy* — about the flower.

*This year, next year,
Sometime, never . . .*

Not everyone loves daisies. Farmers have been heard to call them whiteweed — an apt description, from their point of view, for a plant that does nothing but overrun hayfields and crowd out valuable meadow grasses.

But never mind its shortcomings. For the rest of us — poets, flower lovers and children — the daisy is a welcome sign of summer. □



The first new truck of the 80's...

TOUGH NEW 1980 FORD

with the best gas mileage ratings of any
American-built standard-size pickup.*

Ford totally redesigned its pickups to help meet the fuel needs of the 80's: (19) EPA estimated MPG, 29 highway estimate.* No other American-built standard-size pickup has ever achieved such a mileage rating. Plus Ford has the longest estimated range of any 1980 pickup.

Tough '80 Fords give you more payload capacity than last year's models with comparable truck weights. An all-new cab. Exclusive Twin-I-Beam front suspension. Aerodynamic styling. And more.

See our entire selection of new 1980 pickups now. New 4x4's with Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension. Rugged new Six-Wheeler. Roomy new SuperCab.

BEST GAS MILEAGE RATING
of any American-built
standard-size pickup

19

EPA
EST.
MPG*

29

EPA
EST.
HWY.*

Standard 4.9L (300 CID) Six with
optional overdrive transmission.

LONGEST RANGE

722

EST. MILES

1,102

HWY. MILES

Std. 72L (19-gal.) tank plus opt. 72L
(19-gal.) auxiliary tank (on LWB
Stylesides only). Total: 144L
(38 gals.).

*EPA estimates. Compare these estimates with others. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual hwy. mileage and range will probably be less than estimated. Calif. estimates lower. Diesels and car-trucks excluded.



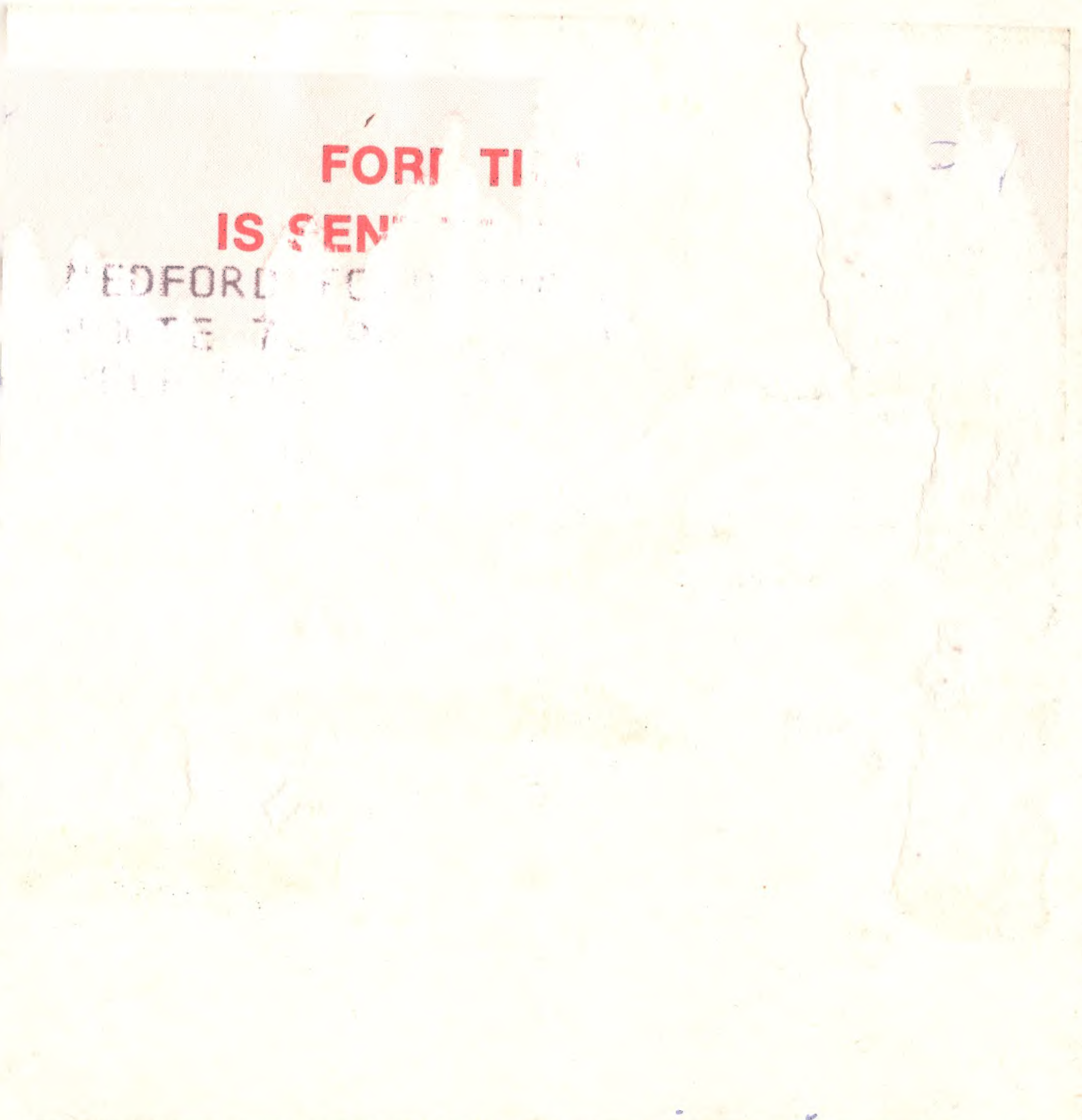
America's best-selling pickup for the 3rd straight calendar year.

Based on 1977-79 calendar year retail deliveries.

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID

Milwaukee, Wisc.
PERMIT NO. 1000

15



12

It's Fiesta
Time at
Your Ford
Dealer's

